

POEMS
OF
ANDREW MARVELL
SOMETIME MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
FOR HULL

EDITED BY
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TO
THE REV. GEORGE OHLSON,
FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HULL GRAMMAR
SCHOOL,
—
IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION
OF
MUCH KINDNESS IN EARLY SCHOOL LIFE.

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PREFACE.

IT is not necessary to justify any effort to make Marvell's Poems more widely known. The sole object of this Preface is to acknowledge my indebtedness to my predecessors, who have, in a greater or less degree, done good service by keeping the poet's name and character in the minds of his countrymen.

In 1681, more than two years after Marvell's death, his widow published a collection of his miscellaneous poems. Nearly half a century later Cooke brought out an edition which included the political satires. These pieces could not, of course, be given in the volume of 1681, but they had been printed among other State Poems after the Revolution. Another half century passed before Thompson published an edition of the whole of Marvell's works. Thompson was a Hull captain, and a connection of the poet's family, filled with enthusiasm for his subject, but wanting in the critical training

necessary for complete success. In spite, however, of all his shortcomings, it is not to be forgotten that we owe to him some of Marvell's finest poems, and that he was the first to print a large number of Marvell's letters, which are of great assistance in studying his life and writings. Errors in the text grew in number in subsequent cheap editions of the poems, until, in 1872, a century after Thompson, and when I was a scholar at the old Grammar School at Hull which claimed Marvell as one of its most distinguished pupils, Dr. Grosart published the first volume of a limited edition of Marvell's works. It may be said that that edition was the first in which any serious attempt was made to give an accurate text, or to explain the constant allusions to contemporary events. But greatly as I have been indebted to Dr. Grosart's work, much remained to be done. Many allusions remained unexplained, while some of the notes upon historical events or persons were written under misapprehension, and the errors in identification led to mistakes in the dating of the poems. In so difficult a field it is not probable that I have entirely escaped pitfalls; and I do not forget that it is far easier to correct others than to be a pioneer.

In the Introduction I have incorporated the few facts relating to Marvell that have come to light during the last twenty years, and the poems have been printed after a fresh collation with the earliest texts. My best thanks are due to Mr. C. H. Firth, who has kindly read most of the proof-sheets and made many valuable suggestions; and to the Rev. R. Sinkler, D.D., Mr. W. Aldis Wright, and Mr. J. W. Clark for information respecting Marvell's career at Cambridge. Mr. Firth has contributed a valuable article on Marvell to the "Dictionary of National Biography."

G. A. A.

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INTRODUCTION.

OUR power of rightly understanding an author is always greatly increased by knowledge of the circumstances under which his works were produced ; and when we are dealing with a man who took a keen interest in the life around him, it is absolutely necessary to know something both of the writer's personal history and of the course of public affairs. The information respecting Andrew Marvell's life is, unfortunately, meagre, but though we should be glad to know more, what we have is sufficient to enable us to understand the causes that influenced him at the various stages of his career.

Early in the sixteenth century members of a family of the name of Marvell, Mervell, or Marwell were living at Shepereth, in Cambridgeshire, while others were to be found at the neighbouring village of Meldreth. It is at Meldreth, where there is an old manor-house called "The Marvells," that Marvell's father,

Andrew Marvell, is supposed to have been born, in 1586. He went to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and took the degree of M.A. in 1608. He was "minister" at Flamborough, in Yorkshire, in 1610, and "curate" in the following year. There is an entry in the registers at Cherry Burton, under the date Oct. 22, 1612, of the marriage of "Andrew Marvell and Anne Pease," and there can be no doubt that we have here the record of the marriage of Marvell's parents, the more especially because we know from other sources that the name of Marvell's mother was Anne, and that the Peases of Hesslewood were connected by marriage with descendants of Marvell's sister Anne.*

Two years after his marriage, in 1614, the Rev. Andrew Marvell was presented to the living of Winestead, in Holderness. There three daughters were born, Anne in 1615, Mary, 1616, and Elizabeth, 1618; and they were followed, on the 31st of March, 1621, "being

* Colonel J. W. Pease, M.P., is connected with the family through Elizabeth Blaydes, granddaughter of Anne Marvell. In the will of William Thompson, of Hull, Gent., 1637, there is mention of "my father-in-law Mr. George Pease," and "my cousin Mr. Andrew Marvell." This George Pease would thus appear to have been brother-in-law to the Rev. Andrew Marvell.

Easter-even," by a son, Andrew Marvell. The old font in which he was baptized, on April 5, has of late been restored to its proper place in the church, after having been long used for unworthy purposes ; and repairs necessary for the preservation of the church itself have been carried out. A second son, John, was born in 1623, but he died in the following year, and was buried at Winestead on the 20th of September. Of Andrew Marvell's sisters it is sufficient to say that Anne married James Blaydes, J.P., of Sutton, in 1633 ; and had a son Joseph, who was Mayor of Hull in 1702, and married Jane Mould, whose father had been Mayor in 1698. From them Mr. F. A. Blades, of Hockliffe Lodge, Leighton Buzzard, and the Blades-Thompsons trace their descent. William, another son of Anne Marvell, was the ancestor of the Blades-Haworths ; and Lydia, a daughter, married Robert Nettleton, who was Mayor of Hull in 1697, and had one son Robert, who died without issue. Andrew Marvell's second sister, Mary, married, in 1636, Edmund Popple, Sheriff of Hull in 1638, and died in 1678, on or about the same day as her brother. Among her descendants were William Popple, Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Planta-

tions, and Alured, his son, who was Governor of Bermuda. The third sister, Elizabeth, married, in 1636, Robert More, father by another wife of Thomas More.

Towards the end of 1624, after ten years' work at Winestead, the Rev. Andrew Marvell was appointed Master of the Grammar School at Hull, and soon afterwards Lecturer at the neighbouring Holy Trinity Church, and Master of the Charter House. There is abundant evidence that he performed his various duties with zeal, and was an accomplished man. Fuller says that "the lessons of the pulpit he enforced by the persuasive eloquence of a devoted life," while Echard calls him "the facetious Calvinistical Minister of Hull." His son would doubtless be taught by him from his early years at the old Grammar School,* which remained almost unchanged until 1875. The building has now been converted into a Mission and Clergy House, but the restoration that it has undergone—necessary as it no doubt was—cannot but be painful to those who remember its former picturesque if dilapidated appearance.

* In "Mr. Smirke" (1676), Marvell remarks that he learned at the Grammar School the liberal art of "scanning."

The boys, like all boys at a seaport, would often haunt the neighbouring harbour; and years afterwards Bishop Parker, in imputing to Marvell "rude and uncivil language," attributed it to his "first unhappy education among boatswains and cabin-boys."

At the age of twelve Marvell went to Cambridge, aided by the Exhibition that was attached to the Grammar School. He matriculated on December 14, 1633, as a Sizar of Trinity College; but he soon fell into the hands of some Jesuits, who persuaded him to go to London. There, after some months, he was found by his father, and taken back to Cambridge. Two poems by Marvell, one in Greek, the other in Latin, addressed to the King, appeared in the "*Musa Cantabrigiensis*" in 1637; and on April 13, 1638, he was admitted a Scholar of Trinity College ("*Andreas Marvell, discipulus juratus et admissus*"). He took his B.A. degree in the same year, and in the year 1639-40 "*Mervile*" was one of the "*Discipuli Dnæ Bromley*," and got four quarters "*liberatura*," that is, money paid as part of the Scholarship money, and designed to clothe the scholar. Marvell's mother had died in April, 1638, a few days after he obtained his

Scholarship, and now he lost his father. The Rev. Andrew Marvell had married, as his second wife, in November, 1638, Lucy Alured widow of William Harris, and had rendered noble service during the plague in Hull in 1635 and 1638-39. His death was caused by drowning, while he was escorting to her home at Thornton College, on the opposite side of the Humber, the daughter of Mrs. Skinner, who was related to the Cyriack Skinner to whom Milton addressed two of his sonnets. The whole party perished, and it is pleasant to believe the tradition that Mrs. Skinner adopted young Marvell, and made ample provision for him. It is certain that he was not without means during the ensuing years.

It is doubtful whether Marvell returned to Cambridge after his father's death; all we know is that there is an entry in the Conclusion Book of Trinity College, dated Sept. 24, 1641, to the effect that, as Marvell and others did not attend their days or acts, or were married, they should have no more benefit of the College unless they showed cause to the contrary within three months. Marvell seems to have set out shortly afterwards on a four years' tour through France, Holland, Switzerland, Spain,

and Italy. It is probable that he met Richard Flecknoe at Rome in 1645, and returned to England in the following year. That he had Royalist friends is evident from the lines upon Lord Hastings in the "*Musarum Lacrymæ*," and the verses to Richard Lovelace, both published in 1649, the year of the execution of Charles I. In the lines upon Thomas May, written in 1650, Marvell spoke of "great Charles's death," and in the same year, in an ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland, he did not hesitate to say of Charles—

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

Years afterwards, in the "*Rehearsal Transposed*," he spoke of the evil that had come of Laud's bad advice to Charles, "a prince truly pious and religious"; and of the Civil War he said, "I think the cause was too good to have been fought for. Men ought to have trusted God; they ought and might have trusted the

King with that whole matter. . . . Even as his present Majesty's happy restoration did itself, so all things else happen in their best and proper time, without any need of our officiousness." We shall see that throughout his life Marvell maintained his loyal feeling for the King, bad as that King might be, and had for his constant aim the removal of the evil counsellors who led him astray. But after the death of Charles I., Cromwell was the one strong man who could safely guide the country, and Marvell, though no Roundhead, could not but admire and give him his adherence.

It was, however, not Cromwell, but the great Lord Fairfax with whom Marvell first came in contact. Lord Fairfax, who acted as Parliamentary General during the Civil War, did not approve of the King's execution, and refused, on conscientious grounds, to take the command against the Scotch in 1650. He retired to Nun-appleton, his Yorkshire seat, and there Marvell went as tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter Mary (afterwards Duchess of Buckingham), then in her twelfth year. During the two happy years that he spent at this house Marvell wrote most, if not all, of the beautiful poems of the country which form so important a part of his works.

This period of quiet communing with nature, and intercourse with his noble-minded host and his young pupil, must have greatly influenced the character of a young man of twenty-nine or thirty.

A still more important connection was soon to be formed. On February 21, 1652-53, John Milton, who had perhaps made Marvell's acquaintance through Lord Fairfax, gave him a letter of introduction to President Bradshaw, in which he said, "There will be with you tomorrow, upon some occasion of business, a gentleman whose name is Mr. Marvile; a man who is, both by report and the converse I have had with him, of singular desert for the State to make use of; who also offers himself, if there be any employment for him. His father was the minister of Hull; and he hath spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaining of those four languages; besides, he is a scholar, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors; and no doubt of an approved conversation, for he comes now lately out of the house of Lord Fairfax, who was General, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the lady his daughter." And

then, after recommending Marvell as well suited to be his assistant, Milton continued, "This, my Lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duty to the public, in helping them to an humble servant, laying aside those jealousies, and that emulation, which mine own condition"—his blindness—"might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor."

Marvell had to wait some time for his appointment, but Milton's recommendation was not forgotten.

Early in 1653 Marvell wrote the "Satire upon Holland," and in 1654 he carried to Bradshaw from Milton a copy of the "Defensio Secunda." The account of the reception of the book which he sent to his "most honoured friend" was written at Eton, where Bradshaw was living; and from the mention made of John Oxenbridge, it would seem that Marvell was already living with that well-known preacher. Oxenbridge had paid two visits to the Bermudas, and his experience of the people who had sought refuge in those islands from religious persecution probably suggested to Marvell one of the most familiar of his poems. In 1655 Marvell addressed a second poem to Cromwell, "The First Anni-

versary of the Government under His Highness the Lord Protector"; and he is mentioned by Edward Phillips as one of the "particular friends" who, having a "a high esteem for him," frequently visited Milton during these years at his house in Petty France.

In the summer of 1657 Cromwell's nephew, Mr. Dutton, came to live at Oxenbridge's house at Windsor, and Marvell acted as his tutor. But this arrangement was short-lived, for in September Marvell obtained the post for which he had been recommended in 1653, and became Milton's colleague in the Latin secretaryship. His salary was the same as Milton's, £200 a year, but it was not, like Milton's, a life pension, and he was more subordinate than Milton to Thurloe. Two or three letters written "by direction of Mr. Secretary" to English representatives abroad are in the British Museum. In one of these Marvell speaks of an agent of "C. Steward," the future Charles II.; and in another, of the members who opposed the proclamation of Richard Cromwell as Protector. "They have much the odds in speaking, but it is to be hoped that our justice, our affection, and our number, which is at least two-thirds, will wear them out at the long run."

In July and August, 1658, Thurloe alludes to

Marvell, acting as Milton's substitute, going down the Thames to welcome an ambassador, or receiving a political agent at Whitehall. In another month Cromwell passed away. Marvell had known him well, publicly and privately, while he was himself naturally an adherent to the monarchical system. His "Poem upon the Death of his late Highness the Lord Protector"—the third important poem that he had written in Cromwell's praise—carries, therefore, all the more weight. From regret for Cromwell's death he passed, to the happy presages that accompanied Richard Cromwell's accession to power. Richard Cromwell's reign, however, was short, but after his fall Milton and Marvell remained Latin Secretaries until December, 1659. Only twice is Marvell mentioned in the existing Domestic State Papers for this period. On September 7, 1658, the Council approved of a list of persons who were appointed to have mourning for Cromwell, and among them were the Latin Secretaries, John Milton and Andrew Marvell; but the supply that had been proposed—nine yards—was reduced to six. On July 14, 1659, the Council agreed that Marvell, among others, should have lodgings in Whitehall.

In the meantime, in January, 1659, Marvell

and John Ramsden had been elected members of Parliament for Hull. Marvell's early connection with the town had, as we have seen, been maintained by the marriage of his sisters with members of well-known families in the neighbourhood, and his constituents never found cause to regret their choice. In 1660 came the restoration of Charles II. and the punishment of many of Cromwell's friends. Milton escaped somewhat mysteriously from evil consequences, and his nephew, Edward Phillips, afterwards said that this immunity was due to the intercession of friends; "particularly, in the House of Commons, Mr. Andrew Marvell, a member for Hull, acted vigorously in his behalf, and made a considerable party for him." We shall see that Marvell defended until the very end the great poet to whose influence he owed so much.

In 1660 and 1661 Marvell was re-elected for Hull, and from November, 1660, until a few days before his death, he sent regularly to the Mayor and Corporation a concise description of what passed in Parliament. There were no reports of the proceedings of the House until long after this time, and the risk attaching to letters of a public nature compelled Marvell to confine himself as a rule to a bare recital of facts. The

few letters of a private nature that we have are far more interesting, yet the series of public letters is a valuable storehouse of information ; and even here, especially during the later years of his life, Marvell did not hesitate to hint at the fears with which the actions of the King or his advisers filled his mind. He was a model representative, most regular in his attendance, but rarely speaking, and his constituents showed their complete confidence in him, not only by a regular payment, which was then customary, of 6s. 8d. a day while Parliament sat, but by frequent presents, generally of barrels of ale, for which he returned his hearty thanks. "If I wanted my right hand," he wrote on one occasion, "yet I would scribble to you with my left rather than neglect your business." Marvell was a member of the Corporation of the Trinity House, both at London and Hull, and he was always ready to help forward their interests by the exercise of his business powers, which were often shown in interviews with the leading men of the day. Shortly before his death he was chosen a younger Warden of the London Trinity House.*

* Historical MSS. Commission, Eighth Report, Pt. I. pp. 255-6; and letters on the affairs of the Trinity House in Dr. Grosart's edition.

Occasionally Marvell went abroad, sometimes on private business, of which we know nothing. Once, when he had been in Holland for a year and a half, Lord Belasyse, High Steward of Hull, requested that a new member should be elected; but the corporation replied that Marvell was not far off, and would return when they desired it. They accordingly warned him, in a "prudent and courteous letter," of the proposal to fill up his place, and he came back at the beginning of April, 1663. But in the following June it was decided to send Lord Carlisle as ambassador extraordinary to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, and that nobleman, as Marvell told his constituents, "used his power, which ought to be very great with me, to make me go along with him, as secretary in these embassages." "You may be sure," he added, "I will not stir without special leave of the House, so that you may be freed from any possibility of being importuned, or tempted, to make any other choice in my absence. However, I cannot but advise with you, desiring also to take your assent with me, so much esteem I have both for your prudence and friendship." The House having granted the leave required, and the constituents given their approval, Marvell set out with the mission in

July, "with the order and good liking of his Majesty," and did not return until January, 1665. A full account of the mission, with various allusions to Marvell, is given in "A Relation of three Embassies from his sacred Majestie Charles II.," &c., by "G.M.," published in 1669.

Two months after Marvell's return war was declared against Holland, and on June 3, 1665, the Duke of York obtained a victory over the Dutch fleet, but was unable to follow up his success. Dryden wrote "Verses to Her Royal Highness the Duchess on the Memorable Victory," and Waller celebrated the event in a poem which was the forerunner of many satires by Marvell and others. The title was "Instructions to a Painter, for the drawing of the Posture and Progress of His Maties Forces at Sea, under the command of His Royal Highness ; together with the Battel and Victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3, 1665." There was high praise of the "valiant Duke," whose clothes were dyed with the blood of those who fell near him, and the "illustrious Duchess." The friends of those who were killed by the Duke's side were thus consoled :—

Happy to whom this glorious death arrives
More to be valued than a thousand lives !

On such a theatre as this to die,
For such a cause, and such a witness by !
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid ?

In lines "To the King," at the end of the poem, Waller said of Charles :—

You for ~~these~~ ends whole days in council sit,
And the diversions of your youth forget.

A year passed, notable for the great Plague of London, and on June 3, 1666, the anniversary of the battle which had given Waller the opportunity of uttering these audacious lines, Monck was defeated in the Downs. In 1667 Louis XIV. deserted the Dutch, and entered into a secret treaty with Charles ; but the grants which had been made in Parliament for carrying on the war had, to a great extent, been appropriated by the King for the benefit of his mistresses, and it was found impossible to fit out the navy. The result was that in June the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames and Medway, burned the shipping at Chatham, and threatened London itself. Next month a treaty of peace was signed at Breda.

During the course of these disasters, Denham, who had all the reasons of an injured husband for hating the Duke of York, issued four

"Directions"—or "Advices," as they are sometimes called—"to a Painter," in imitation of Waller's poem.* Like Waller, he added earnest lines "To the King":—

● Let justice only awe, and battle cease ;
Kings are but cards in war, they're gods in peace.

Here needs no fleet, no sword, no foreign foe ;
Only let vice be dammed, and justice flow."

The House of Commons elected in 1661 was strongly Royalist, but the disgraceful events that had marked the six years during which it had now sat had led to the formation of a powerful Opposition. The Corporation Act of 1661 was followed by the Act of Uniformity of 1662, the persecutions in Scotland, the Conventicle Act of 1664, and the Five Mile Act of 1665. The Earl of Clarendon, the King's chief adviser during these years, was an ardent supporter of the Monarchy and of the Church of England ; while Charles II. cared little for anything so long as his own pleasures were gratified. His sympathies, indeed, lay rather

* Pepys, writing on Sept. 14, 1667, says, " I met with a ' Fourth Advice to the Painter upon the coming in of the Dutch to the River, and end of the War,' that made my heart ache to read, it being too sharp, and so true."

with the Roman Catholics, and his brother, the Duke of York, who had married Clarendon's daughter, was known to belong to that Church. Clarendon was unpopular with both Catholics and Nonconformists, and upon his head fell the blame for the position of dependency upon France in which England was placed. To the feeling of shame was added the indignation of the more respectable classes of the people at the glaring debauchery of the Court.

It would at first sight seem impossible to believe the accounts of the depravity of Charles II. and his courtiers which we find in the works of contemporary satirists ; but the information that we have from many sources shows that Marvell and other writers of the time rarely exaggerated. It is curious how completely the various accounts corroborate each other. It might be said that Pepys, representing the middle classes, repeated much gossip which was without warrant ; or that Evelyn, the representative of the old-fashioned gentry, was easily offended. But Pepys's own views on morality were not strait-laced, while Evelyn was an earnest supporter of Church and State ; and both of them had ready access to the Court, and could see for themselves how the King lived.

The truth of what they say is, moreover, proved beyond a doubt by the tone adopted by Dryden and other Royalist writers ; by the unblushing memoirs of those who, like the Count de Grammont, were on the most familiar terms with the King ; by the correspondence between the French ambassadors and their master ; and by various journals and memoirs too numerous to mention. In the very year to which we have now come Milton published "Paradise Lost," and had in his mind what he heard from those around him when he described Belial, who loved vice for its own sake :—

In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage.

Parliament was summoned in July, 1667, but was at once prorogued until October. In the interval the King, influenced by the Duke of Buckingham and the reigning mistress, Lady Castlemaine, took the seals of office from Clarendon, who was afterwards impeached and banished. In August or September, at the time of Clarendon's fall, Marvell produced his longest poem, the "Last Instructions to a Painter," modelled upon the pieces by Waller and Den-

ham. Of this terrible impeachment of those who misled the King we shall have to speak again ; here it is sufficient to notice that in the closing lines Marvell disavowed all intention to attack Charles himself. His muse, he said, blamed only those who restrained the Court, and wished to reign where all England served. They who would separate the kingdom from the crown were bold and accursed :—

As Ceres corn, and Flora is the spring,
As Bacchus wine, the country is the King.

Let the King seek better counsellors, virtuous
wealthy, courageous :—

Where few the number, choice is the less hard ;
Give us this Court, and rule without a guard.

The change that followed Clarendon's fall was not for the better, though Marvell felt hopeful, and was grateful to the King. The Cabal ministry endeavoured to please the people by entering into an alliance with Holland and Sweden against France ; but Charles continued his private negotiations with Louis XIV., and determined to be free, if possible, of the control of Parliament. With this object in view a secret treaty was signed at Dover in 1670, by which Charles accepted from Louis a pension

of £200,000 a year and 6,000 French troops, and undertook to re-establish Roman Catholicism in England, to help Louis against Holland, and to support his claim to the Spanish succession. In private letters written in the spring Marvell had spoken of the imperious attitude taken up by Charles as a last resort in his pressing need for money; of the terrible Conventicle Bill, "the quintessence of arbitrary malice"; and of the wish of the King, who seemed all-powerful, to set aside his marriage. "In such a conjuncture, dear Will, what probability is there of my doing anything to the purpose?" Charles menaced the House of Lords by attending from day to day throughout the sittings; "the Parliament was never so embarrassed, beyond recovery. We are all venal cowards, except some few."

Before long people became aware to some extent of the arrangement with Louis XIV., and early in 1671 Marvell wrote his "Farther Instructions to a Painter." These lines are concerned chiefly with the brutal attack, in the preceding December, upon Sir John Coventry, who had ventured to use plain words about the King's immoral life in a debate upon playhouses. A strong Bill was at once passed against such

crimes, with the result that Parliament was prorogued in April for nearly two years. At this time Marvell thought that he might be sent "on an honest fair employment into Ireland," but we hear nothing more of it. In January, 1672, Charles obtained money by the act of national bankruptcy known as the stopping of the Exchequer, and in March war was declared against Holland. Marvell's "Poem on the Statue in Stocks-Market" was written immediately after the undecisive fight in Southwold Bay on the 28th of May. The statue referred to was one of Sobieski, which was being altered to represent Charles II.; but Marvell said the workmen would never arrive at an end, "For it is such a king as no chisel can mend." Yet, he added, "we'd rather have him than his bigotted brother."

When Parliament met in 1673 the opposition to the Declaration of Indulgence which had been issued in the preceding year was so great—owing to the fear of Popery—that the King found it necessary to withdraw the Declaration. The passing of the Test Act, which followed soon afterwards, compelled Clifford, Arlington, and the Duke of York to resign office, and brought about the fall of the Cabal ministry.

Shaftesbury and Buckingham joined the Opposition, and peace was concluded with Holland early in 1674. To this period belong Marvell's "Historical Poem," "Advice to a Painter," and "Britannia and Raleigh." The "Historical Poem" is directed chiefly against the Duke of York, and ends with the significant lines:—

Be wise, ye sons of men, tempt God no more
To give you kings in's wrath to vex you sore :
If a king's brother can such mischiefs bring,
Then how much greater mischiefs such a king ?

The "Advice to a Painter" also is an attack on the Papists, with grave lines "To the King," warning him of danger from his ambitious brother:—

Great Charles, who full of mercy might'st command,
In peace and pleasure, this thy native land,
At last take pity of thy tottering throne,
Shook by the faults of others, not thine own ;
Let not thy life and crown together end,
Destroyed by a false brother and false friend.

"Britannia and Raleigh" give a terrible picture of those who surrounded Charles :—

A colony of French possess the Court ;
Pimps, priests, buffoons, in privy-chamber sport.

They perverted the King's mind, and choked his good intentions. It seemed vain to endeavour to divide the Stuart from the tyrant ; yet

Marvell urged, in noble words which Raleigh addresses to Britannia :—

Once more, great Queen, thy darling strive to save,
Snatch him away from scandal and the grave ;
Present to's thoughts his long-scorned Parliament,
The basis of his throne and government.
In his deaf ears sound his dead father's name :
Perhaps that spell may's erring soul reclaim :
Who knows what good effects from thence may spring ?
Tis God-like good to save a falling king.

Sir Thomas Osborne, created Earl of Danby in 1674, now held the reins of office, and he had at any rate the merit of hating the King's alliance with France. But he had no sympathy with popular government, and he endeavoured, by various arbitrary means, and by the aid of bribery, to give the King more absolute power. He is often attacked in Marvell's remaining satires, which all seem to have been written in 1674 and 1675 ; but these pieces do not call for detailed notice here, except the " Dialogue between Two Horses," the statue of Charles II. at Wool-church, and that of Charles I. at Charing Cross. The writer was remarkably plain-spoken, as the following lines will show :—

WOOL-CHURCH.

To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the throne,
And the King's wicked life say, God there is none.

CHARING.

That he should be styled "Defender of the Faith,"
Who believes not a word what the Word of God
saith.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the Duke should turn Papist and that church
defy
For which his own father a martyr did die.

CHARING.

The debauched and cruel since they equally gall us,
I had rather bear Nero than Sardanapalus.

WOOL-CHURCH.

One of the two tyrants must still be our case,
Under all who shall reign of the false Stuart race.

But canst thou devise when things will be mended ?

CHARING.

When the reign of the line of Stuarts is ended.

And then, at the end, in reference to the
closing of the coffee-houses because public
affairs were there freely discussed, come these
ominous lines :—

When they take from the people the freedom of words,
They teach them the sooner to fall to their swords.

So great was the outcry that in less than six
weeks it was found necessary to revoke the pro-
clamation against coffee-houses. Thirteen years

were yet to pass before the expulsion of the Stuarts at the Revolution.

We need say little more of politics. In a private letter at South Kensington, dated November 5, 1674, and addressed to Edward Thompson, afterwards Mayor and M.P. for York, Marvell half-jestingly wrote: "I am glad that Clergy begin to show their good affection to King killing and Emperor killing." Early in 1677 he represented himself to Edward Thompson's elder brother, Sir Henry Thompson, as one who had no employment but idleness, and who "am so oblivious that I should forget my own name did I not see it sometimes in a friend's superscription." * On March 6, 1677, Marvell wrote in a letter to his constituents: "God direct all counsels to the true remedy of the urgent condition of this poor nation, which I hope there is no reason to despair of."

On the 20th of March a debate took place upon a Bill for securing the Protestant religion. This Bill required the Sovereign to take an oath that he did not believe in transubstantiation, but he could refuse on condition that he handed over to the bishops the filling up of ecclesias-

*The original is in the collection of Mr. Alfred Morrison.

tical vacancies. Marvell opposed this Bill, which was really a compromise between the Church and the Duke of York. It was, he said, premature; the King was not in a declining age. "Whatever prince God gives us, we must trust him." If men were taught really to live up to the Protestant religion they would then be established against the temptations of Popery, or a prince Popishly affected. Marvell added that he was not used to speak in the House, and he spoke abruptly. The Bill was committed, but "died away, the Committee disdaining or not daring publicly to enter upon it."

On the 29th there was a debate upon the alleged striking of Sir Philip Harcourt by Marvell, who had stumbled over Harcourt's foot. Both parties declared it was an accident, or a thrust made out of their great familiarity. But the Speaker had noticed the incident, and Sir Job Charlton, supported by Colonel Sandys—both of whom Marvell had attacked in his satires—moved that Marvell should be sent to the Tower. The matter was ultimately allowed to drop. At Christmas, 1677, Marvell published an important historical pamphlet called an "Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government," written, as he said, "with no

other intent than of mere fidelity and service to his Majesty; and God forbid that it should have any other effect than that the mouth of all iniquity and of flatterers may be stopped, and that his Majesty, having discerned the disease, may, with his healing touch, apply the remedy."

About the same time appeared a piece often attributed to Marvell, called "A Seasonable Argument to persuade all the Grand Juries in England to petition for a New Parliament." This pamphlet gave brief and uncomplimentary characters of a number of the supporters of the Government, and the *London Gazette* for March 21 to 25, 1678, contained an offer of a reward of £50 for the discovery of the printer or publisher, and £100 for the handers to the press of those "seditious and scandalous libels." * In a letter written in June, Marvell says that great rewards were offered in private, but that he was not questioned, though it was hinted in several books that he was the author. In 1682

* Both pieces are attributed to "Andrew" in a quarto pamphlet of 1678 called "A Letter from Amsterdam to a Friend in England." The writer says, "'Tis well he is now transposed into politics; they say he had much ado to live upon poetry." The two MSS. of "A Seasonable Argument" in the British Museum (Lansdowne MSS. 805, f. 83, and Addl. MSS. 4106, f. 166), differ considerably.

Dryden, in the Epistle to the Whigs prefixed to "The Medal," spoke of "your dead author's pamphlet called 'The Growth of Popery.'"

On July 29, 1678, Marvell had an interview with the Corporation at Hull, and on August 16, three weeks later, he died in London.*

Some believed that he had been poisoned; but according to an account given in Dr. Richard Morton's "Pyretologia" (1692), Marvell had tertian ague, and the doctor gave him a great febrifuge, a draft of Venice treacle, and caused him to be covered with blankets. He was then seized with deep sleep and sweats, and twenty-four hours later passed away while in a comatose state. He was buried under the pews on the south side of the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields; the sexton afterwards told Aubrey that the grave was under the window which contains a red lion. The town of Hull voted £50 for the funeral, and in 1688 his late constituents collected money for the erection of a monument, but the Royalist Rector would not allow it to be put up.

On March 29, 1679, letters of administration were granted to Mary Marvell, relict, and John

* "Andrew Marvell died yesterday of apoplexy" (Col. Grosvenor to G. Treby, M.P., Aug. 17, 1678.—Hist. MSS. Comm., 13th Report, Pt. VI. p. 8). He was buried on the 18th ("Life of Anthony Wood," ed. Clark, II. 414).

Greene, creditor of Andrew Marvell, late of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. Nothing more is known of Marvell's wife, save that she did all she could to preserve her husband's fame, by carefully collecting such of his verses as were not of a controversial nature, and publishing them in a folio volume, dated 1681, with the following notice: "To the Reader: These are to certify every ingenious reader that all these poems, as also the others things in this book, are printed according to the exact copies of my late dear husband, under his own handwriting, being found since his death among his other papers. Witness my hand this 15th day of October, 1680. MARY MARVELL."

Limits of space have caused the omission of details respecting Marvell's prose works. But a few words must be said about the part he took in two of the Church controversies of his day.

In 1670 Samuel Parker, a young man of thirty, who, after being brought up as a Puritan, had joined the Church of England at the Restoration, and become chaplain to Archbishop Sheldon, and Archdeacon of Canterbury, published his "Discourse of Ecclesiastical Polity, wherein the authority of the Civil Magistrate over the consciences of subjects in matters

of external religion is asserted, the mischiefs and inconvenience of Toleration are represented, and all pretences pleaded in behalf of Liberty of Conscience are fully answered." In this book Parker maintained that the supreme magistrate should have power to direct the consciences of his subjects in affairs of religion, and that princes could with less danger give liberty to men's vices than to their consciences. John Owen, who replied, was attacked in "A Defence and Continuation of the Ecclesiastical Polity," and in a Preface by Parker to a work of Bishop Bramhall's. Then Marvell took up the cudgels, and in 1672 published "The Rehearsal Transposed." The title was taken from a speech by Bayes in the Duke of Buckingham's play, "The Rehearsal," then recently produced. This attack abounds with wit which Swift admired, but it is wit applied to high ends. The skill with which ridicule was poured upon Parker caused the book to be read by all classes, and thus secured attention for the earnest matters of which Marvell was in reality speaking. He had all the laughers on his side, says Burnet, from the King downwards. A very interesting and unexpected deposition of Roger L'Estrange, the licencer, has been printed in the Seventh

Report of the Historical MSS. Commission, from which it appears that L'Estrange did not hear of the book until the printing of the second impression had been begun, in January 1672-3.* Two sheets had been seized, when L'Estrange was summoned to Lord Anglesey's house, with Ponder, who acknowledged himself to be the printer. Lord Anglesey said, "Look you, Mr. L'Estrange, there is a book come out, 'The Rehearsal Transposed' [*sic*]; I presume you have seen it; I have spoken to his Majesty about it, and the King says he will not have it suppressed, for Parker has done him wrong, and this man has done him right, and I desired to speak with you to tell you this; and since the King will have the book to pass, pray give Mr. Ponder your licence to it, that it may not be printed from him." Of course L'Estrange had to give way, but obtained leave to alter certain passages. Afterwards the Clerk to the Stationers' Company objected to the book, in spite of the licence L'Estrange had been obliged to give. The Clerk's scruples

* There were to be 1,500 copies of the second impression, and John Darby, a printer, gave evidence that Marvell was the author (Hist. MSS. Commission, Fourth Report, p. 234).

were overcome only by a threat from Lord Anglesey to bring the matter before the King and Council. L'Estrange afterwards complained that the book was not printed according to the corrected copy he had licensed.

There were several answers to Marvell's book, in which an attempt was made to write in a similar style of banter and invective, and though they are of little value, they must be read by any one who wishes to understand the allusions in Marvell's work. It is impossible here to say more than that among the titles were "Rosemary and Bayes," "The Transproser Rehearsed," "S'too him, Bayes," "Gregory Father Greybeard," by Edmund Hickeringill, in which much use is made of the words "marvel" and "marvellous," and Parker's "A Reproof to the Rehearsal Transposed," a dreary book of over 500 pages, in which Marvell was advised to betake himself to his "own proper trade of lampoons and ballads," and was reminded that the consequence of his malcontentedness might be the rod, axe, whipping-post, galleys, or pillory. The Government was advised "to crush the pestilent wit, the servant of Cromwell and the friend of Milton."

Marvell's rejoinder, published in 1673 under

his own name, has for title-page "The Rehearsal Transposed: The Second Part. Occasioned by two letters; the first printed by a nameless author, entitled, A Reproof, etc. The second a letter left for me at a friend's house, dated Nov. 3rd. 1673; subscribed J. G., and concluding with these words, 'If thou darest to print or publish any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the Eternal God, I will cut thy throat.' Answered by Andrew Marvell." This book brought the controversy to a close, though Parker, who became Bishop of Oxford, attacked Marvell after his death in the "History of his own Times."

Of the innumerable passages of interest in the "Rehearsal Transposed" reference must once more be made to the satirical account of the evil effects of a free press (Grosart's edition, 7-9); to the hearty praise of Butler's "excellent wit," though his choice of subject might be regretted (35); to the character of John Hales (125-6); and to the account of the events that led to the Civil War (211-13), where he says, "The arms of the Church are prayers and tears; the arms of the subjects are patience and petitions"; yet the fatal consequences of that Rebellion should "serve as sea-marks unto wise princes to

avoid the causes." The most interesting passages in Marvell's "Second Part" are the references to his father (322); to the unequal distribution of the revenues of the church (336-7); to Parker's own impure life (428-9); to "Hudibras" (496), of which he spoke again "with that esteem which an excellent piece of wit upon whatsoever subject will always merit"; and, above all, to Milton (498-500), who was suspected of helping Marvell. "By chance I had not seen him of two years before: but after I undertook writing I did most carefully avoid either visiting or sending to him, lest I should anyway involve him in my consequences." At the Restoration, Milton and Parker had both partaken of the Royal clemency, and it was at Milton's house, where Parker was in those days often to be found, that Marvell had met Parker. The attack on the old poet was therefore inhuman and inhospitable, and was a warning to avoid "a man that creeps into all companies, to jeer, trepan, and betray them."

The other Church controversy in which Marvell took part need not detain us long. In 1675 Dr. Croft, the good Bishop of Hereford, endeavoured, in a pamphlet called "The Naked Truth, or the True State of the Primitive Church,

by a Humble Moderator," to secure forbearance between Churchmen and Nonconformists. The High Church party was indignant, and Dr. Francis Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, published, in 1676, "Animadversions on the Naked Truth." Then Marvell brought out a witty pamphlet called "Mr. Smirke, or, the Divine in Mode," in which he ridiculed Turner by comparing him with the chaplain in Etherege's play, the "Man of Mode," and showed his thorough knowledge of the matter under discussion in an appendix called "A Short Historical Essay, touching General Councils, Creeds, and Impositions in Religion." Dr. Croft thanked Marvell for his aid, and Marvell sent an admirable reply.

Aubrey says that Marvell was "of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish-faced, cherry-cheeked, hazel eye, brown hair. He was in his conversation very modest, and of very few words. Though he loved wine, he never would drink hard in company." Aubrey was very far from implying that he was a "drunken buffoon," as Parker, in his anger, called him. Marvell's integrity is illustrated by the well-known story of the visit of Lord Danby to his room, and his refusal of the bribe which the Lord Treasurer

found many rich men only too ready to accept. "I live here," said Marvell, "to serve my constituents ; the ministry may seek men for their purpose : I am not one." As Marvell tells us, there were so many courtiers and apostate patriots in the House that money was granted to the King with the full knowledge that it would not be applied to the purpose for which it was asked, and further large grants were made to the Duchess of Cleveland, under whose cognisance all promotions, spiritual as well as temporal, passed. In 1674 Marvell waited on the Duke of Monmouth, Governor of Hull, with the then customary present of six broad pieces from the Corporation. The Duke would have returned the gold to Marvell, had he not prevented him. The money regularly sent from Hull far exceeded Marvell's expenses ; as for this present, therefore, he desired the Corporation "to make use of it, and of me, upon any other opportunity."

Many poets have written in eulogy of Marvell, but our space will not allow of quotation. Mason, who had himself been a student at Marvell's old school, praised his genius and his character in the "Ode to Independency," and Wordsworth associated him

with some of the noblest names of the time :—

Great men have been among us ; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none !
The later Sidney, Marvell, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.

It is needless to dwell further upon Marvell's high sense of duty. The more we learn of the corruption of those around him, the more are we impressed by the honesty, purity, and brotherly charity of the man who was in every way worthy to be a friend of that greater poet whose "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

The late Mr. C. D. Christie reviewed Dr. Grosart's edition of Marvell's Poems in both the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, and in each case spoke very severely of the Satires, which he stigmatized as obscene, and full of filth and scurrility. The writer of a recent anonymous article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, who follows Mr. Christie's example, seems unable to find pleasure in anything of Marvell's except certain of the early poems, upon which he makes some interesting remarks, and, what is worse, he insinuates his want of belief in any high motives in Marvell's actions. In the poems on Cromwell he sees the working of "Milton's poisonous

advice"; and he cannot perceive any consistency in Marvell's political life. His untiring labours for his constituents "cannot be certainly imputed to any higher motive than to stand well with his employers." Marvell abandoned poetry for public life; "it seems that," says this writer, quoting from Browning,


Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat.

A less happy quotation could not have been found. They who take up the attitude that Marvell adopted are hardly the men who receive the rewards or decorations given to successful statesmen.

It cannot be denied that coarse passages are to be found in Marvell's satires; but we must remember the circumstances under which they were written. Parker, whom Mr. Christie gravely quoted against Marvell, says that "out of the House, when he could do it with impunity, he vented himself with the greatest bitterness, and daily spewed infamous libels out of his filthy mouth against the King himself." It is true that there is often plain-speaking of the King, but that King was Charles II.; and loyal as he was, Marvell's love for his country was too great to allow him to pass over in

silence the infamous state of affairs that he saw around him. Every form of uncleanness, bribery, and corruption was practised openly at the Court, and behind this apparent surrendering of all else to the pleasures of the moment there was a plot to sacrifice the country and the national religion for private and selfish ends. In speaking plainly of such things the poet could hardly fail sometimes to write coarsely or unmercifully.

The more we study the writings of Marvell's contemporaries, the more we realize the accuracy of the numerous uncomplimentary allusions to people of the day in these satires. When any one who dared to speak of a royal intrigue, well known to all, was liable to a brutal assault at the hands of soldiers under command of the King's son, it was impossible to write otherwise than anonymously, and the charge of cowardice or unmanliness is absurd. Perhaps there is no attack in these satires that we need much regret except that upon Anne Hyde, the Duke of York's first wife; but even in this case Marvell may have had good reason for knowing that her enemies were right in asserting that the connection she had with the Duke before her marriage was not the only slip



she made. The Duke of York himself was a profligate and an intriguer against his country's best interests, and well deserved all that Marvell said of him.

Of the earlier satires the "Character of Holland" is the best, and the vigorous, rollicking humour and careless, unpremeditated style have often been compared with Butler's ; but there is an earnest feeling throughout of love for England, "darling of Heaven, and of men the care," and of admiration for those who in troublesome times watched over the Commonwealth. Among the Latin poems the piece upon Joseph de Maniban illustrates Marvell's wit in its lighter vein. His scholarship was of no mean order, and his reading was wide.

It is pleasant to turn to the poems upon which Marvell's fame chiefly rests. They were all, with one exception, written before the Restoration, and none would realize more than Marvell how great a sacrifice he made when he abandoned the higher forms of art to attack the vices that he saw around him. He had a real love of Nature for its own sake, which was then rare even among poets, and he made the best use of the opportunity for studying the beauties of the country that was afforded during his

sojourn at Lord Fairfax's. He was then about thirty years of age, and the poems, "Upon the Hill and Grove at Billborough" and "Appleton House," show that he loved to wander in the grounds and country lanes and woods, watching the birds and flowers with a quick and discerning eye, but not forgetting the human element in the world, and the relations of the whole to its Creator.

Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer,
And little now to make me wants,
Or of the fowls, or of the plants.

Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,
Hath read in Nature's mystic book.

And then he gracefully attributes the beauty of it all to his young pupil, for whom he evidently felt a great affection, which often influenced his verse :—

She yet more pure, sweet, straight, and fair
Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers are.

In "The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn," the fawn, left by a faithless lover, is described as finding all its pleasure in the nymph's garden, which was overgrown with roses and lilies. Here, as in other pieces, there

are some of the far-fetched conceits so often found in Donne and his contemporaries.

Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

Yet, as Mr. Palgrave says in the "Golden Treasury," "perhaps no poem in this collection is more delicately fancied, more exquisitely finished. . . . The poet's imagination is justified in its seeming extravagance by the intensity and unity with which it invests his picture." The poems relating to the Mower are of great interest, and illustrate what Lamb called the "witty delicacy" of Marvell. "The Garden," "A Drop of Dew," and "The Coronet," all of them full of earnest thought, are among the most beautiful of seventeenth century poems. To these must be added "Eyes and Tears," though in it there is an unusual number of the quaint conceits of which we have spoken. Those conceits however, when used by Marvell, always add a graceful turn to the verse, and below the surface there is a deeper meaning.

In "Clorinda and Damon" we have, in the form of an idyl, the picture of a man fortified against temptation by his knowledge of God, the "mighty Pan" of Milton's "Ode on the Nativity." Clorinda, urging Damon to seek

present ease, describes a cave hard by in which a trickling fountain makes music. But, says Damon,

Might a soul bathe there and be clean,
Or slake its drought?

CLORINDA.

What is't you mean?

DAMON.

Clorinda, pastures, caves and springs,
These once had been enticing things.

CLORINDA.

And what late change?

DAMON.

The other day

I an met me.

CLORINDA.

What did great Pan say?

DAMON.

Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill;
But he e'er since my songs does fill,
And his name swells my slender oat.

With a lighter but equally perfect touch Marvell wrote such lines as "Amintas and Thestylis making Hay-ropes," or "The Picture of Little T. C.," or "The Fair Singer," or "To his Coy Mistress," where light fancy turns at the close to a deeper passion. The graceful lines

"Young Love,"—"Come, little infant, love me now"—may well be contrasted with Prior's charming verses, "To a Child of Quality, five years old," written half a century later. The exquisite "Bermudas" is perhaps the most widely known of Marvell's poems. One of the noblest is the "Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure"; and we must not forget "An Epitaph," with its touching end:—

Modest as morn, as midday bright,
Gentle as evening, cool as night :
'Tis true ; but all too weakly said :
'Twas more significant, she's dead.

Throughout these earlier poems there is a wonderful combination of delicate sentiment, wealth of fancy, graceful form, simplicity combined with depth of thought, imagination and originality. Marvell's mind was like the garden he described, where he found fair Quiet and Innocence, and where every form of fruit pressed itself upon him as he walked. But the mind, retiring into its own happiness, created other worlds and seas, transcending those of the natural world.

During the period of the Commonwealth Marvell produced a series of important poems on events in our national history. The first was the

"Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland," in 1650, which Mr. Lowell called "the most truly classic in our language," and "worthy of its theme." As Archbishop Trench remarked, Marvell was conscious of his powers when he called this ode "Horatian"; it is like Horace at his best. We have already seen that in this his most finished work, Marvell did not hesitate to utter noble words in praise of Charles I., even when writing of Cromwell.

Next followed, in 1655, "The First Anniversary of the Government under His Highness the Lord Protector," in which the poet described the troubles through which Cromwell with heavenly aid had guided the country:—

'Tis not a freedom that, where all command,
Nor tyranny, where one does them withstand;
But who of both the bounders knows to lay,
Him, as their father, must the state obey.

Three years later came the "Poem upon the Death of His Royal Highness the Lord Protector," noble in its tenderness. We are the more struck with the absolute sincerity of the poet's grief when we compare the piece with what Dryden and Waller wrote on the same occasion, and we think more highly of Cromwell

when we see how he was loved by a man like Marvell.

I saw him dead : a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep over those wakeful eyes ;
o Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness
shed.

But his praise would increase to after times,

When truth shall be allowed and faction cease.

In the year preceding Cromwell's death Marvell had celebrated the great victory obtained by Blake at Santa Cruz, and ten years later he described the heroic death of Captain Douglas, who refused to leave his ship when it had been set on fire by the Dutch. In this piece, too, he remonstrated against the bad feeling between England and Scotland, fanned by the persecutions under Lauderdale and Sharp: "'Tis Holy Island parts us, not the Tweed." He would not blame the King :—

One king, one faith, one language, and one isle,
English and Scotch, 'tis all but cross and pile.
Charles, our great soul, this only understands,
He our affections both, and wills, commands.

The well-known lines on "Paradise Lost," the last tribute that he was to pay to the poet whom he so greatly revered, hardly rank with the

best of Marvell's work, in spite of the fine opening, "When I beheld the poet blind yet bold"; but the thoughts and aim are worthy, as they always were, of the subject, however great that subject might be. In the following year, after Milton's death, Marvell promised Aubrey to write a notice of his friend for the use of Wood, who was then preparing his "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," but the undertaking was never carried out.

Marvell expressed his ideal of happiness in lines translated from Seneca :—

Climb at court, for me, that will,
Tottering favour's pinnacle;
All I seek is to lie still.
Settled in some secret nest
In calm leisure let me rest,
And, far off the public stage,
Pass away my silent age.
Thus when, without noise, unknown,
I have lived out all my span,
I shall die, without a groan,
An old honest countryman.

It was a gain to his country that circumstances impelled him to pass his later years in the turmoil of public life, though not in seeking favour at court; but it was none the less a loss to the Muses.

G. A. AITKEN.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

MOST of Marvell's poems on political subjects doubtless appeared as broadsides or pamphlets at the time they were written; but of these original issues one only is known to have survived. "The Character of Holland," written in 1653, printed early, probably, in that year, appears to have been reprinted, in folio, in 1665, with the omission of the latter portion, in which praise was given to Blake and other commanders of the Commonwealth. This mutilated version was again printed, in quarto, in 1672. "The first Anniversary of the Government under his Highness the Lord Protector" was printed, in quarto, by Thomas Newcomb, London, in 1665. "Advice to a Painter" was printed as a four-page folio sheet, without date, but apparently in 1679, after Marvell's death. The following poems first appeared in the

volumes mentioned: (1 and 2) "Πρὸς Κάππολον τὸν Βασιλέα" and "Ad Regem Carolum" ("Musa Cantabrigiensis," 1637); (3) "Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings" ("Lacrymæ Musarum," 1649); (4) "To his noble Friend, Mr. Richard Lovelace, upon his Poems" ("Lucasta, by Richard Lovelace, Esq.," 1649); (5) "To his worthy Friend, Dr. Whitty" ("Popular Sermons . . . translated into English by R. Whittie," 1651); (6, 7, and 8) "Clarendon's House Warming," "Upon His House," and "Upon his Grandchildren" ("Directions to a Painter for describing our Naval Business: in imitation of Mr. Waller. Being the last works of Sir John Denham. Whereunto is annexed Clarendon's House Warming. By an unknown Author," 1667); (9) "On Paradise Lost" (Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1674); (10) "The Loyal Scot" ("Poetical Remains of the Duke of Buckingham, Sir George Etheridge, Mr. Milton, Mr. Andrew Marvel, &c.," edited by Charles Gildon, 1698; and "Corpus Poetarum," 1694).

At the end of 1680 or early in 1681 Marvell's wife published a collected edition of his "Miscellaneous Poems," in folio. This volume, which was carefully edited, contains almost all the non-political poems in English, Latin, and

Greek, and is our chief authority as regards the text. It should contain an octagon portrait, often missing.

The Satires appeared in 1689, in several quarto pamphlets.

1. "A Collection of Poems on Affairs of State, By A—— M——l, Esq., and other eminent wits." (Contains "Advice to a Painter," "Britannia and Raleigh," "The Statue at Stocks-Market," and "Nostradamus' Prophecy.")
2. "The Second Part of the Collection," &c. "By A—— M——l, &c. None whereof ever before printed." (Contains "A Dialogue between Two Horses," and "On the Lord Mayor and Aldermen presenting the King and Duke of York each with a copy of his freedom.")
3. "The Third Part of the Collection," &c. (Contains the "Last Instructions to a Painter.")

All the satires were reprinted in the collection of "Poems on Affairs of State," 1703-7, 4 vols., 8vo, and in the spurious edition, "A New Collection of Poems relating to State Affairs," 1705.

In 1726 Thomas Cooke published an edition of Marvell's Works, in 2 vols., 12mo, in which he added the political satires, and a few letters, to the poems in the 1681 edition. Cooke's edition was reprinted by Davies in 1772; and in 1776 Captain Thompson published the first full edition of the whole works. In his three 4to vols. he made use of a MS. commonplace book which afterwards disappeared; and while he printed several pieces obviously not Marvell's, he gave for the first time some of the poet's best work, and added the correspondence with the Mayor and Corporation of Hull, and the prose writings. An American edition of the poems appeared at Boston in 1857, and this volume was reprinted in England, with many additional errors, in 1870 and 1881. Dr. Grosart's standard edition of Marvell's Works, in 4 vols., forms part of the "Fuller Worthies' Library," and was issued to subscribers in three forms, 4to, 8vo, and 12mo, between 1872 and 1875. In this edition several poems were printed for the first time, while it was shown that others have been wrongly attributed to Marvell; a great addition was made to the number of letters, and the whole of the works were annotated practically for the first time.

The prose works that can with certainty be claimed as Marvell's are as follows :—

1. "The Rehearsal Transposed," 1672, 12mo. (There was a "Second Impression" early in 1673, but dated 1672; and a spurious "Second Edition Corrected," 1672.)
2. "The Rehearsal Transposed. The Second Part. By Andrew Marvell." 1673, 12mo.
3. "Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode. By Andreas Rivetus, Junior." 1676, 4to.
4. "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England." 1677, 4to. (Reprinted in folio, after Marvell's death.)
5. "Remarks upon a late disingenuous discourse writ by one T. D. under the pretence *De Causa Dei* and of answering Mr. John Howe's Letter and Postscript of God's Prescience. By a Protestant." 1678, 8vo.

For biography and criticism the following books and papers will be found useful : Lives in the editions of Cooke, Thompson, and

Grosart; Life by John Dove, 1832; Life by Hartley Coleridge, 1832 and 1835, and in "Lives of the Northern Worthies," 1852 (this Life is the same as Dove's, with some notes added by Coleridge; a sketch by Henry Rogers, in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1844, and in his collected "Essays"; anonymous articles in the *Retro-spective Review*, vols. x. and xi., *Westminster Review*, January, 1833, *Cornhill Magazine*, July 1869 (an excellent article), and *Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1891; articles by Mr. C. D. Christie in the *Spectator* and *Saturday Review*, 1873; *Notes and Queries*, *passim*; Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*; Dr. Macdonald's *England's Antiphon*; Miss Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life*; Archbishop Trench's *Household Book of English Poetry*; and Mrs. Hall's (*née* Marie Sibree) story, "Andrew Marvell and his Friends" (1875). For the general history of the time the following books, among others will be found useful: The Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn; Grammont's *Memoirs*; Clarendon's *Life, and Continuation*; Burnet's *History of his own Time*; Masson's *Life of Milton*; Christie's *Life of Lord Shaftesbury*; Cobbett's *Parliamentary Debates*; Grey's *Debates*; *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*; *Forneron's Louise de Keroualle*;

the Savile Correspondence ; and articles in the Dictionary of National Biography. The Diaries of Narcissus Luttrell and Henry Sidney, Earl of Romsey, are sometimes of use, though they do not commence until shortly after Marvell's death.

POEMS.

P O E M S.

UPON THE HILL AND GROVE AT BILLBOROW.

TO THE LORD FAIRFAX.

SEE how the archèd earth does here
Rise in a perfect hemisphere !
The stiffest compass could not strike
A line more circular and like,
Nor softest pencil draw a brow
So equal as this hill does bow ;
It seems as for a model laid,
And that the world by it was made.
Here learn, ye mountains more unjust,
Which to abrupter greatness thrust,
That do, with your hook-shouldered height,
The earth deform, and heaven fright,
For whose excrescence, ill designed,
Nature must a new centre find,

Learn here those humble steps to tread,
Which to securer glory lead.

See what a soft access, and wide,
Lies open to its grassy side,
Nor with the rugged path deters
The feet of breathless travellers ;
See then how courteous it ascends,
And all the way it rises, bends,
Nor for itself the height does gain,
But only strives to raise the plain ;
Yet thus it all the field commands,
And in unenvied greatness stands,
Discerning further than the cliff
Of heaven-daring Teneriff.

20

How glad the weary seamen haste,
When they salute it from the mast !
By night, the northern star their way
Directs, and this no less by day.

30

Upon its crest, this mountain grave,
A plume of aged trees does wave.
No hostile hand durst e'er invade,
With impious steel, the sacred shade
For something always did appear.
Of the GREAT MASTER's terror there,
And men could hear his armour still,
Rattling through all the grove and hill.
Fear of the MASTER, and respect
Of the great nymph, did it protect ;
VERA, the nymph, that him inspired,

40

UPON THE HILL AT BILLBOROW. 3

To whom he often here retired,
And on these oaks engraved her name,—
Such wounds alone these woods became ;
But ere he well the barks could part,
'Twas writ already in their heart ;
For they, 'tis credible, have sense,
As we, of love and reverence, 50
And underneath the coarser rind
The genius of the house do bind.
Hence they successes seem to know,
And in their Lord's advancement grow ;
But in no memory were seen,
As under this, so straight and green ;
Yet now no farther strive to shoot,
Contented, if they fix their root,
Nor to the wind's uncertain gust
Their prudent heads too far entrust. 60
Only sometimes a fluttering breeze
Discourses with the breathing trees,
Which in their modest whispers name
Those acts that swelled the cheeks of Fame.
"Much other groves," say they, "than these,
And other hills, him once did please.
Through groves of pikes he thundered then,
And mountains raised of dying men.
For all the civic garlands due
To him, our branches are but few ; 70
Nor are our trunks enough to bear
The trophies of one fertile year."

'Tis true, ye trees, nor ever spoke
More certain oracles in oak ;
But peace, if you his favour prize !
That courage its own praises flies :
Therefore to your obscurer seats
From his own brightness he retreats ;
Nor he the hills, without the groves,
Nor height, but with retirement, loves.

UPON APPLETON HOUSE

TO MY LORD FAIRFAX.

WITHIN this sober frame expect
Work of no foreign architect ;
That unto caves the quarries drew.
And forests did to pastures hew ;
Who, of his great design in pain,
Did for a model vault his brain ;
Whose columns should so high be raised,
To arch the brows which on them gazed.
Why should, of all things, man, unrul'd,
Such unproportioned dwellings build ? 10
The beasts are by their dens expressed,
And birds contrive an equal nest ;
The low-roofed tortoises do dwell
In cases fit of tortoise-shell ;
No creature loves an empty space ;
Their bodies measure out their place.
But he, superfluously spread,
Demands more room alive than dead ;
And in his hollow palace goes,
Where winds, as he, themselves may lose. 20

What need of all this marble crust,
 To impark the wanton mole of dust,
 That thinks by breadth the world to unite,
 Though the first builders failed in height ?
 But all things are composèd here,
 Like nature, orderly, and near ;
 In which we the dimensions find
 Of that more sober age and mind,
 When larger-sized men did stoop
 To enter at a narrow loop, 30
 As practising, in doors so strait,
 To strain themselves through Heaven's gate.
 And surely, when the after-age
 Shall hither come in pilgrimage,
 These sacred places to adore,
 By VERE and FAIRFAX trod before,
 Men will dispute how their extent
 Within such dwarfish confines went ;
 And some will smile at this, as well
 As Romulus his bee-like cell. 40
 Humility alone designs
 Those short but admirable lines
 By which, ungirt and unconstrained,
 Things greater are in less contained.
 Let others vainly strive to immure
 The circle in the quadrature !

22.—*Mole*, an unformed mass (Lat. "moles," Fr. "mole.")
 The 1681 edition has "nose," a misprint.

These holy mathematics can
 In every figure equal man.
 Yet thus the laden house does sweat,
 And scarce endures the master great : 50
 But, where he comes, the swelling hall
 Stirs, and the square grows spherical ;
 More by his magnitude distressed,
 Than he is by its straitness pressed :
 And too officiously it slights
 That in itself, which him delights.
 So honour better lowness bears,
 Than that unwonted greatness wears ;
 Height with a certain grace does bend,
 But low things clownishly ascend. 60
 And yet what needs there here excuse,
 Where everything does answer use ?
 Where neatness nothing can condemn,
 Nor pride invent what to contemn ?
 A stately frontispiece of poor
 Adorns without the open door ;
 Nor less the rooms within commends
 Daily new furniture of friends.
 The house was built upon the place,
 Only as for a mark of grace, 70
 And for an inn to entertain
 Its Lord awhile, but not remain.
 Him Bishop's Hill or Denton may,

Of Billborow, better hold than they :
 But Nature here hath been so free,
 As if she said, " Leave this to me."
 Art would more neatly have defaced
 What she had laid so sweetly waste
 In fragrant gardens, shady woods,
 Deep meadows, and transparent floods.

80

While, with slow eyes, we these survey,
 And on each pleasant footstep stay,
 We opportunely may relate
 The progress of this house's fate.
 A nunnery first gave it birth,
 (For virgin buildings oft brought forth,)
 And all that neighbour-ruin shows
 The quarries whence this dwelling rose.
 Near to this gloomy cloister's gates
 There dwelt the blooming virgin THWAITES,
 Fair beyond measure, and an heir,
 Which might deformity make fair ;
 And oft she spent the summer's suns
 Discoursing with the subtle nuns ;
 Whence, in these words, one to her weaved,
 As 'twere by chance, thoughts long conceived :
 " Within this holy leisure, we
 Live innocently, as you see.
 These walls restrain the world without,
 But hedge our liberty about ;

90

100

These bars inclose that wider den
Of those wild creatures, callèd men ;
The cloister outward shuts its gates,
And, from us, locks on them the grates.
Here we, in shining armour white,
Like virgin amazons do fight,
And our chaste lamps we hourly trim,
Lest the great bridegroom find them dim.
Our orient breaths perfumèd are
With incense of incessant prayer ;
And holy-water of our tears
Most strangely our complexion clears ;
Not tears of grief, but such as those
With which calm pleasure overflows,
Or pity, when we look on you
That live without this happy vow.
How should we grieve that must be seen,
Each one a spouse, and each a queen ;
And can in heaven hence behold
Our brighter robes and crowns of gold !
When we have prayèd all our beads,
Some one the holy legend reads,
While all the rest with needles paint
The face and graces of the Saint ;
But what the linen can't receive,
They in their lives do interweave.
This work the Saints best represents,
That serves for altar's ornaments.
But much it to our work would add,

110

120

If here your hand, your face, we had : 130

By it we would our Lady touch ;

Yet thus she you resembles much.

Some of your features, as we sewed,

Through every shrine should be bestowed,

And in one beauty we would take

Enough a thousand Saints to make.

And (for I dare not quench the fire

That me does for your good inspire)

'Twere sacrilege a man to admit

To holy things, for heaven fit. 140

I see the angels, in a crown,

On you the lilies showering down ;

And round about you, glory breaks,

That something more than human speaks.

All beauty when at such a height

Is so already consecrate.

FAIRFAX I know, and long ere this

Have marked the youth, and what he is ;

But can he such a rival seem,

For whom you Heaven should disesteem ? 150

Ah, no ! and 'twould more honour prove

He your devote were than love.

Here live beloved and obeyed,

Each one your sister, each your maid,

And, if our rule seemed strictly penned,

The rule itself to you shall bend.

152.—*Devote* (Ital.), devotee. *Love*, lover.

Our Abbess, too, now far in age,
 Doth your succession near presage.
 How soft the yoke on us would lie
 Might such fair hands as yours it tie ! 160
 Your voice, the sweetest of the choir,
 Shall draw heaven nearer, raise us higher,
 And your example, if our head,
 Will soon us to perfection lead.
 Those virtues to us all so dear,
 Will straight grow sanctity when here ;
 And that, once sprung, increase so fast,
 Till miracles it work at last.
 Nor is our order yet so nice,
 Delight to banish as a vice : 170
 Here Pleasure Piety doth meet,
 One perfecting the other sweet ;
 So through the mortal fruit we boil
 The sugar's uncorrupting oil,
 And that which perished while we pull,
 Is thus preservèd clear and full.
 For such indeed are all our arts,
 Still handling Nature's finest parts :
 Flowers dress the altars ; for the clothes
 The sea-born amber we compose ; 180
 Balms for the grieved we draw ; and pastes
 We mould as baits for curious tastes.
 What need is here of man, unless

*These as sweet sins we should confess?

Each night among us to your side *

Appoint a fresh and virgin bride,

Whom, if our Lord at midnight find,

Yet neither should be left behind !

Where you may lie as chaste in bed

As pearls together billeted ;

190

*All night embracing, arm in arm,

Like crystal pure, with cotton warm.

But what is this to all the store

Of joys you see, and may make more ?

Try but awhile, if you be wise :

The trial neither costs nor ties." *

Now, FAIRFAX, seek her promised faith ;

Religion that dispensed hath,

Which she henceforward does begin ;

*The nun's smooth tongue has sucked her in.

200

Of, though he knew it was in vain,

Yet would he valiantly complain :

"Is this that sanctity so great,

An art by which you finelier cheat ?

Hypocrite, witches, hence avaunt,

Who, though in prison, yet enchant !

Death only can such thieves make fast,

As rob, though in the dungeon cast.

Were there but, when this house was made,

One stone that a just hand had laid,

210

It must have fallen upon her head *

Who first thee from thy faith misled.

And yet, how well soever meant,
 With them 'twould soon grow fraudulent ;
 For like themselves they alter all,
 And vice infects the very wall ;
 But sure those buildings last not long,
 Founded by folly, kept by wrong.
 I know what fruit their gardens yield,
 When they it think by night concealed.
 Fly from their vices : 'tis thy state,
 Not thee, that they would consecrate.
 Fly from their ruin : how I fear,
 Though guiltless, lest thou perish there ! "

220

What should he do ? He would respect
 Religion, but not right neglect :
 For first, religion taught him right,
 And dazzled not, but cleared his sight.
 Sometimes, resolved, his sword he draws,
 But reverenceth then the laws ;
 For justice still that courage led,
 First from a judge, then soldier bred.
 Small honour would be in the storm ;
 The court him grants the lawful form,
 Which licensed either peace or force,
 To hinder the unjust divorce.
 Yet still the nuns his right debarred,
 Standing upon their holy guard.
 Ill-counselled women, do you know
 Whom you resist, & what you do ?
 Is not this he, whose offspring fierce

230

240

Shall fight through all the universe ;
 And with successive valour try
 France, Poland, either Germany,
 Till one, as long since prophesied,
 His horse through conquered Britain ride ?
 Yet, against fate, his spouse they kept,
 And the great race would intercept.
 Some to the breach, against their foes,
 Their wooden Saints in vain oppose ; 250
 Another, bolder, stands at push,
 With their old holy-water brush ;
 While the disjointed Abbess threads
 The jingling chain-shot of her beads ;
 But their loud'st cannon were their lungs,
 And sharpest weapons were their tongues.
 But, waving these aside like flies,
 Young FAIRFAX through the wall does rise.
 Then the unfrequented vault appeared,
 And superstitions, vainly feared ; 260
 The relics false were set to view ;
 Only the jewels there were true ;
 But truly bright and holy THWAITES,
 That weeping at the altar waits.
 But the glad youth away her bears,
 And to the nuns bequeathes her tears,
 Who guiltily their prize bemoan,
 Like gipsies that a child have stolen.
 Thenceforth (as, when the enchantment ends,
 The castle vanishes or reads) 270

The ~~wasting~~ cloister, with the rest,
Was, in one instant, dispossessed.

At the demolishing, this seat
To FAIRFAX fell, as by escheat ;
And what both nuns and founders willed,
'Tis likely better thus fulfilled.

For if the virgin proved not theirs,
The cloister yet remainèd hers ;
Though many a nun there made her vow,
'Twas no religious house till now.

280

From that blest bed the hero came
Whom France and Poland yet does fame ;
Who, when retirèd here to peace,
His warlike studies could not cease.
But laid these gardens out in sport .
In the just figure of a fort,
And with five bastions it did fence,
As aiming one for every sense.

When in the east the morning ray
Hangs out the colours of the day,
The bee through these known alleys hums,
Beating the dian with its drums.

290

Then flowers their drowsy eyelids raise,
Their silken ensigns each displays,
And dries its pan yet dank with dew,
And fills its flask with odours new.

292 — French "*diane*" the reveillé

295, 296. — The "*pan*" of the musket-lock, and the "*flask*" of the powder-born.

These, as their Governor goes by,
In fragrant volleys they let fly,
And to salute their Governess
Again as great a charge they press : 300
None for the virgin nymph ; for she
Seems with the flowers, a flower to be.
And think so still ! though not compare
With breath so sweet, or cheek so fair !
Well shot, ye firemen ! Oh how sweet
And round your equal fires do meet ;
Whose shrill report no ear can tell,
But echoes to the eye and smell !
See how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colours stand displayed ; 310
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves that to the stalks are curled
Seem to their staves the ensigns furled.
Then in some flower's beloved hut,
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so too, but, if once stirred,
She runs you through, nor asks the word. 320

Oh thou, that dear and happy isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas,
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard

With watery, if not flaming sword,—
What luckless apple did we taste,
To make us mortal, and thee waste?
Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers
And all the garrisons were flowers;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear?
Tulips, in several colours barred,
Were then the Switzers of our guard;
The gardener had the soldier's place,
And his more gentle forts did trace;
The nursery of all things green
Was then the only magazine;
The winter quarters were the stoves,
Where he the tender plants removes.
But war all this doth overgrow:
We ordnance plant, and powder sow.
And yet there walks one on the sod,
Who, had it pleased him and God,
Might once have made our gardens spring
Fresh as his own, and flourishing.
But he preferred to the Cinque Ports
These five imaginary forts,
And, in those half-dry trenches, spanned
Power which the ocean might command.
For he did, with his utmost skill,
Ambition weed, but conscience till;

330

340

350

Conscience, that heaven-nursèd plant,
Which most our earthly gardens want.
A prickling leaf it bears, and such
As that which shrinks at every touch,
But flowers eternal, and divine,
That in the crowns of Saints do shine.

360

The sight does from these bastions ply,
The invisible artillery,
And at proud Cawood Castle seems
To point the battery of its beams ;
As if it quarrelled in the seat,
The ambition of its prelate great ;
But o'er the meads below it plays,
Or innocently seems to gaze.

And now to the abyss I pass

Of that unfathomable grass,

370

Where men like grasshoppers appear,
But grasshoppers are giants there :
They, in their squeaking laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low than them,
And from the precipices tall
Of the green spires to us do call.

To see men through this meadow dive,

We wonder how they rise alive ;

As, under water, none does know

Whether he fall through it or go ;

380

But, as the mariners that sound,

And show upon their lead the ground,

They bring up flowers so to be seen.

And prove they've at the bottom been.
 No scene, that turns with engines strange,
 Does oftener than these meadows change ;
 For when the sun the grass hath vexed,
 The tawny mowers enter next,
 Who seem like Israelites to be
 Walking on foot through a green sea. 390
 To them the grassy deeps divide,
 And crowd a lane to either side ;
 With whistling scythe and elbow strong
 These massacre the grass along,
 While one, unknowing, carves the rail,
 Whose yet unfeathered quills her fail ;
 The edge all bloody from its breast
 He draws, and does his stroke detest,
 Fearing the flesh, untimely mowed,
 To him a fate as black forebode. 400
 But bloody Thestylis, that waits
 To bring the mowing camp their cates,
 Greedy as kite, has trussed it up
 And forthwith means on it to sup ;
 When on another quick she lights,
 And cries, " He called us Israelites ;
 But now, to make his saying true,
 Rails rain for quails, for manna dew."
 Unhappy birds ! what does it boot
 To build below the grass's root ; 410

395.—The land-rail, or corn-crake, a field bird.

When lowness is unsafe as height,
And chance o'ertakes what 'scapeth spite?
And now your orphan parent's call
Sounds your untimely funeral ;
Death-trumpets creak in such a note,
And 'tis the sourdine in their throat.
Or sooner hatch, or higher build ;
The mower now commands the field,
In whose new traverse seemeth wrought
A camp of battle newly fought,
Where, as the meads with hay, the plain
Lies quilted o'er with bodies slain :
The women that with forks it fling
Do represent the pillaging.
And now the careless victors play,
Dancing the triumphs of the hay,
Where every mower's wholesome heat
Smells like an ALEXANDER'S sweat ;
Their females fragrant as the mead
Which they in fairy circles tread :
When at their dance's end they kiss,
Their new-made hay not sweeter is ;
When, after this, 'tis piled in cocks,
Like a calm sea it shews the rocks,
We wondering in the river near
How boats among them safely steer ;
Or, like the desert Memphis' sand,

420

430

Short pyramids of hay do stand ;
 And such the Roman camps do rise
 In hills for soldiers' obsequies.

440

This scene, again withdrawing, brings
 A new and empty face of things ;
 A levelled space, as smooth and plain,
 As clothes for LILLY stretched to stain,
 The world when first created sure
 Was such a table rase and pure ;
 Or rather such is the Toril,
 Ere the bulls enter at Madril ;
 For to this naked equal flat,
 Which levellers take pattern at,
 The villagers in common chase
 Their cattle, which it closer rase ;
 And what below the scythe increased
 Is pinched yet nearer by the beast.
 Such, in the painted world, appeared
 Davenant, with the universal herd.
 They seem within the polished grass
 A landscape drawn in looking-glass ;
 And shrunk in the huge pasture, show
 As spots, so shaped, on faces do ;
 Such fleas, ere they approach the eye,

450

460

439.—*Rise*, raise.

444.—*Lilly*, an eminent cloth-dyer.

447.—The arena of the bull-fights.

448.—*Madrid* ; a common seventeenth-century form.

452.—*Rase*, crop

In multiplying glasses lie.
They feed so wide, so slowly move,
As constellations do above.
Then, to conclude these pleasant acts,
Defton sets ope its cataracts ;
And makes the meadow truly ~~be~~
(What it but seemed before) a sea ;
For, jealous of its Lord's long stay,
It tries to invite him thus away.
The river in itself is drowned,
And isles the astonished cattle round.

470

Let others tell the paradox,
How eels now bellow in the ox ;
How horses at their tails do kick,
Turned, as they hang, to leeches quick ;
How boats can over bridges sail,
And fishes do the stables scale ;
How salmons trespassing are found,
And pikes are taken in the pound ;
But I, retiring from the flood,
Take sanctuary in the wood ;
And, while it lasts, myself embark
In this yet green, yet growing ark,
Where the first carpenter might best
Fit timber for his keel have pressed,
And where all creatures might have shares,
Although in armies, not in pairs.
The double wood, of ancient stocks,
Linked in so thick an union locks,

480

490

It like two pedigrees appears,
On one hand FAIRFAX, th' other VERES :
Of whom though many fell in war,
Yet more to Heaven shooting are :
And, as they Nature's cradle decked,
Will, in green age, her hearse expect.
When first the eye this forest sees,
It seems indeed as wood, not trees ;
As if their neighbourhood so old
To one great trunk them all did mould. 500
There the huge bulk takes place, as meant
To thrust up a fifth element,
And stretches still so closely wedged,
As if the night within were hedged.
Dark all without it knits ; within
It opens passable and thin,
And in as loose an order grows,
As the Corinthian porticos.
The arching boughs unite between
The columns of the temple green, 510
And underneath the wingèd quires
Echo about their tunèd fires.
The nightingale does here make choice
To sing the trials of her voice ;
Low shrubs she sits in, and adorns
With music high the squatted thorns ;
But highest oaks stoop down to hear,
And listening elders prick the ear ;
The thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws

Within the skin its shrunken claws. 520
But I have for my music found
A sadder, yet more pleasing sound ;
The stock-doves, whose fair necks are graced
With nuptial rings, their ensigns chaste ;
Yet always, for some cause unknown,
Sad pair, unto the elms they moan.
O why should such a couple mourn,
That in so equal flames do burn !
Then as I careless on the bed
Of gelid strawberries do tread, 530
And through the hazels thick espy
The hatching throistle's shining eye,
The heron, from the ash's top,
The eldest of its young lets drop,
As if it stork-like did pretend
That tribute to its Lord to send.
But most the hewel's wonders are,
Who here has the holtfelster's care ;
He walks still upright from the root,
Measuring the timber with his foot, 540
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the bark the wood-moths glean ;
He, with his beak, examines well
Which fit to stand, and which to fell ;
The good he numbers up, and hacks
As if he marked them with the axe ;

But where he, tinkling with his beak,
Does find the hollow oak to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted side he mines. 550
Who could have thought the tallest oak
Should fall by such a feeble stroke?
Nor would it, had the tree not fed
A traitor worm, within it bred,
(As first our flesh, corrupt within,
Tempts impotent and bashful sin,)
And yet that worm triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the hewel's young,
While the oak seems to fall content,
Viewing the treason's punishment. 560

Thus, I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer;
And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls, or of the plants:
Give me but wings as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original, 570
And, where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines,
And more attentive there doth sit
Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,

Which I returning cannot find ;
 Out of these scattered Sibyls' leaves
 Strange prophecies my fancy weaves,
 And in one history consumes,
 Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes ; 580
 What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said,
 I in this light mosaic read.
 Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,
 Hath read in Nature's mystic book !
 And see how chances better wit
 Could with a mask my studies hit !
 The oak-leaves me embroider all,
 Between which caterpillars crawl ;
 And ivy, with familiar trails,
 Me licks and clasps, and curls and hales. 590
 Under this antic cope I move ;
 Like some great prelate of the grove ;
 Then, languishing with ease, I toss
 On pallets swollen of velvet moss,
 While the wind, cooling through the boughs,
 Flatters with air my panting brows.
 Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks,
 And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks,
 Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,
 And winnow from the chaff my head ! 600
 How safe, methinks, and strong behind
 These trees, have I encamped my mind ;

Where beauty, aiming at the heart,
Bends in some tree its useless dart,
And where the world no certain shot
Can make, or me it toucheth not,
But I on it securely play,
And gall its horsemen all the day.
Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines ;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines ; 610
And oh, so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place !
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through !
Here in the morning tie my chain,
Where the two woods have made a lane,
While, like a guard on either side,
The trees before their Lord divide ; 620
This, like a long and equal thread,
Betwixt two labyrinths does lead.
But, where the floods did lately drown,
There at the evening stake me down ;
For now the waves are fallen and dried,
And now the meadows fresher dyed,
Whose grass, with moisture colour dashed,
Seems as green silks but newly washed.
No serpent new, nor crocodile,
Remains behind our little Nile ; 630
Unless itself you will mistake

Among these meads the only snake.
 See in what wanton harmless folds
 It everywhere the meadow holds,
 And its yet muddy back doth lick,
 Till as a crystal mirror slick,
 Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
 If they be in it, or without;
 And for his shade which therein shines,
 Narcissus-like, the sun too pines. 640
 Oh what a pleasure 'tis to hedge
 My temples here with heavy sedge;
 Abandoning my lazy side,
 Stretched as a bank unto the tide;
 Or to suspend my sliding foot
 On the osier's undermined root,
 And in its branches tough to hang,
 While at my lines the fishes twang!
 But now away my hooks, my quills,
 And angles, idle utensils! 650
 The young MARIA walks to-night:
 Hide, trifling youth, thy pleasures slight;
 'Twere shame that such judicious eyes
 Should with such toys a man surprise;
 She that already is the law
 Of all her sex, her age's awe.
 See how loose Nature, in respect
 To her, itself doth recollect,

And every thing so whisht and fine,
Starts forthwith into its *bonne mine*. 660
The sun himself of her aware,
Seems to descend with greater care,
And, lest she see him go to bed,
In blushing clouds conceals his head.
So when the shadows laid asleep,
From underneath these banks do creep,
And on the river, as it flows,
With ebon shuts begin to close,
The modest balcyon comes in sight,
Flying betwixt the day and night ; 670
And such a horror calm and dumb,
Admiring Nature does benumb ;
The viscous air, wheres'er she fly,
Follows and sucks her azure dye ;
The jelling stream compacts below,
If it might fix her shadow so ;
The stupid fishes hang, as plain
As flies in crystal overta'en.
And men the silent scene assist,
Charmed with the sapphire-winged mist. 680
MARIA such, and so doth hush
The world, and through the evening rush.
No new-born comet such a train
Draws through the sky, nor star new slain.
For straight those giddy rockets fail,

Which from the putrid earth exhale ;
But by her flames, in Heaven tried,
Nature is wholly vitrified.

'Tis she that to these gardens gave
That wondrous beauty which they have ; 690
She straightness on the woods bestows ;
To her the meadow sweetness owes ;
Nothing could make the river be
So crystal pure, but only she,
She yet more pure, sweet, straight, and fair
Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers are.
Therefore what first she on them spent,
They gratefully again present ; °

The meadow carpets where to tread,
The garden flowers to crown her head, 700
And for a glass the limpid brook,
Where she may all her beauties look ;
But, since she would not have them seen,
The wood about her draws a screen.

For she to higher beauties raised,
Disdains to be for lesser praised.
She counts her beauty to converse
In all the languages as hers ;
Nor yet in those herself employs,
But for the wisdom, not the noise ; 710
Nor yet that wisdom would affect,
But as 'tis Heaven's dialect.

Blest nymph ! that couldst so soon prevent
Those trains by youth against thee meant ;

Tears (watery shot that pierce the mind,)
 And sighs (Love's cannon charged with wind ;)
 True praise (that breaks through all defence,)
 And feigned complying innocence ;
 But knowing where this ambush lay,
 She 'scaped the safe, but roughest way.
 This 'tis to have been from the first
 In a domestic Heaven nursed,
 Under the discipline severe
 Of FAIRFAX, and the starry VERE ;
 Where not one object can come nigh
 But pure, and spotless as the eye,
 And goodness doth itself entail
 On females, if there want a male.

720

Go now, fond sex, that on your face
 Do all your useless study place,
 Nor once at vice your brows dare knit,
 Lest the smooth forehead wrinkled sit :
 Yet your own face shall at you grin,
 Thorough the black bag of your skin ;
 When knowledge only could have filled,
 And virtue all those furrows tilled.
 Hence she with graces more divine
 Supplies beyond her sex the line ;
 And, like a sprig of mistletoe,
 On the Fairfacian oak does grow ;
 Whence, for some universal good,
 The priest shall cut the sacred bud ;
 While her glad parents most rejoice

730

740

And make their destiny their choice.
 Meantime, ye fields, springs, bushes, flowers,
 Where yet she leads her studious hours,
 (Till Fate her worthily translates
 And find a FAIRFAX for our THWAITES,)
 Employ the means you have by her,
 And in your kind yourselves prefer ; 750
 That, as all virgins she precedes,
 So you all woods, streams, gardens, meads.
 For you, Thessalian Tempe's seat
 Shall now be scorned as obsolete ;
 Aranjuez, as less, disdained ;
 The Bel-Retiro, as constrained ;
 But name not the Idalian grove,
 For 'twas the seat of wanton love ;
 Much less the dead's Elysian fields ;
 Yet nor to them your beauty yields. 760
 'Tis not, as once appeared the world,
 A heap confused together hurled ;
 All negligently overthrown,
 Gulfs, deserts, precipices, stone ;
 Your lesser world contains the same,
 But in more decent order tame ;
 You, Heaven's centre, Nature's lap ;
 And Paradise's only map.
 And now the salmon-fishers moist

755.—A town and royal residence, thirty miles from Madrid.

756.—Buen Retiro, another palace near Madrid.

Their leathern boats begin to hoist ;
And, like Antipodes in shoes,
Have shod their heads in their canoes.
How tortoise-like, but not so slow,
These rational amphibii go !
Let's in ; for the dark hemisphere
Does now like one of them appear.

779

THE CORONET.

WHEN for the thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,

My Saviour's head have crowned,
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong,—

Through every garden, every mead,
I gather flowers (my fruits are only flowers),

Dismantling all the fragrant towers
That once adorned my shepherdess's head :
And now, when I have summed up all my store,

Thinking (so I myself deceive) 10

So rich a chaplet thence to weave

As never yet the King of Glory wore,

Alas ! I find the Serpent old,

That, twining in his speckled breast,

About the flowers disguised, does fold

With wreaths of fame and interest.

Ah, foolish man, that wouldst debase with them,
And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem !

But thou who only couldst the Serpent tame,

Either his slippery knots at once untie, 20

And disentangle all his winding snare,

Or shatter too with him my curious frame,
And let these wither—so that he may die—
Though set with skill, and chosen out with care ;
That they, while thou on both their spoils dost tread,
May crown Thy feet, that could not crown Thy head.

22.—Frame of flowers.

EYES AND TEARS.

How wisely Nature did decree,
With the same eyes to weep and see ;
That, having viewed the object vain,
They might be ready to complain !
And, since the self-deluding sight
In a false angle takes each height,
These tears, which better measure all,
Like watery lines and plummets fall.
Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh
Within the scales of either eye,
And then paid out in equal poise,
Are the true price of all my joys.
What in the world most fair appears,
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears ;
And all the jewels which we prize
Melt in these pendants of the eyes.
I have through every garden been,
Amongst the red, the white, the green,
And yet from all the flowers I saw,
No honey, but these tears could draw.
So the all-seeing sun each day
Distils the world with chymic ray ;

10

20

But finds the essence only showers,
 Which straight in pity back he pours.
 Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,
 That weep the more, and see the less ;
 And, to preserve their sight more true,
 Bathe still their eyes in their own dew.
 So Magdalen in tears more wise
 Dissolved those captivating eyes,
 Whose liquid chains could flowing meet
 To fetter her Redeemer's feet.

30

Not full sails hasting loaden home,
 Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
 Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair
 As two eyes swollen with weeping are.
 The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
 Drenched in these waves, does lose its fire ;
 Yea oft the Thunderer pity takes,
 And here the hissing lightning slakes.
 The incense was to Heaven dear,
 Not as a perfume, but a tear ;
 And stars shew lovely in the night,
 But as they seem the tears of light.
 Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
 And practise so your noblest use ;

40

29-32. — " Magdala, lascivos sic quum dimisit amantes
 Fervidaque in castas lumina solvit aquas ;
 Haesit in irrigu lacrymarum compede Christus,
 Et tenuit sacros uda catena pedes."

(Footnote in 1681 edition.)

For others too can see, or sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.
Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear, in distance stop ;
Now, like two fountains, trickle down ;
Now, like two floods, o'erturn and drown :
Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things ;
And each the other's difference bears,
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears.

BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song :

“ What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air ;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows ;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,

19

20

And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice ;
With cedars chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore ;
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vâult,
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

30

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

40

CLORINDA AND DAMON.

Clorinda. DAMON, come drive thy flocks this way.

Damon. No : 'tis too late they went astray.

Clorinda. I have a grassy scutcheon spied,
Where Flora blazons all her pride ;
The grass I aim to feast thy sheep,
The flowers I for thy temples keep.

Damon. Grass withers, and the flowers too fade.

Clorinda. Seize the short joys then, ere they vade.
Seest thou that unfrequented cave ?

Damon. That den ? 10

Clorinda. Love's shrine.

Damon. But virtue's grave.

Clorinda. In whose cool bosom we may lie,
Safe from the sun.

Damon. Not Heaven's eye.

Clorinda. Near this, a fountain's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave shell.

Damon. Might a soul bathe there and be clean,
Or slake its drought ?

Clorinda. What is't you mean ?

Damon. These once had been enticing things,
Clorinda, pastures, caves, and springs.

Clorinda. And what late change?

Damon. The other day

Pan met me.

20

Clorinda. What did great Pan say?

Damon. Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill;
But he e'er since my songs does fill,
And his name swells my slender oat.

Clorinda. Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note.

Damon. Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.

Clorinda. Who would not in Pan's praises meet?

Chorus. Of Pan the flowery pastures sing,
Caves echo, and the fountains ring.
Sing then while he doth us inspire;
For all the world is our Pan's quire.

[30]

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SOUL
AND BODY.

Soul. O, who shall from this dungeon raise
A soul enslaved so many ways ?
With bolts of bones, that fettered stands
In feet, and manacled in hands ;
Here blinded with an eye, and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear ;
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins ;
Tortured, besides each other part,
In a vain head, and double heart ? 10

Body. O, who shall me deliver whole
From bonds of this tyrannic soul ?
Which, stretched upright, impales me so
That mine own precipice I go ;
And warms and moves this needless frame,
(A fever could but do the same,)
And, wanting where its spite to try,
Has made me live to let me die
A body that could never rest
Since this ill spirit it possessed. 20

Soul. What magic could me thus confine
Within another's grief to pine ?
Where, whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain ;
And all my care itself employs,
That to preserve which me destroys ;
Constrained not only to endure
Diseases, but, what's worse, the cure ;
And, ready oft the port to gain,
Am shipwrecked into health again. 30

Body. But Physic yet could never reach
The maladies thou me dost teach ;
Whom first the cramp of hope does tear,
And then the palsy shakes of fear ;
The pestilence of love does heat,
Or hatred's hidden ulcer eat ;
Joy's cheerful madness does perplex,
Or sorrow's other madness vex ;
Which knowledge forces me to know,
And memory will not forego ; 40
What but a soul could have the wit
To build me up for sin so fit ?
So architects do square and hew
Green trees that in the forest grew.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND CREATED PLEASURE.

COURAGE, my soul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Close on thy head thy helmet bright ;
Balance thy sword against the fight ;
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spreads the air !
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine,
And show that Nature wants an art
To conquer one resolvèd heart. 10

Pleasure. Welcome the creation's guest,
Lord of earth, and Heaven's heir !
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of Nature's banquet share ;
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepared to heighten yours.

Soul. I sup above, and cannot stay,
To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure. On these downy pillows lie,
Whose soft plumes will thither fly : 20
On these roses, strowed so plain
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

Soul. My gentler rest is on a thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure. If thou be'st with perfumes pleased,
Such as oft the gods appeased,
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show,
Like another god below.

Soul. A soul that knows not to presume,
Is Heaven's, and its own, perfume. 30

Pleasure. Everything does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye :
But since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.

Soul. When the Creator's skill is prized,
The rest is all but earth disguised.

Pleasure. Hark how music then prepares
For thy stay these charming airs,
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall. 40

- Soul* Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease, tempter ! None can chain a mind,
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind.
- Chorus.* Earth cannot show so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The batteries of alluring sense,
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere ; for still new charges
sound,
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be
crowned. 50
- Pleasure.* All that's costly, fair, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.
- Soul.* If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot see ?
- Pleasure.* Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go
The minted gold shall lie,
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy. 60
- Soul.* We're not for price who'd value gold ?
And that's worth naught that can be sold.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE
DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm, alas ! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill ;
Nor do I for all this, nor will :
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget 10
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears !
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain ;
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart, 20

17.—*Deodands*, forfeits to God.

Yet could they not be clean ; their stain
 Is dyed in such a purple grain.
 There is not such another in
 The world, to offer for their sin.

Unconstant SYLVIO, when yet
 I had not found him counterfeit,
 One morning (I remember well),
 Tied in this silver chain and bell,
 Gave it to me : nay, and I know
 What he said then, I'm sure I do :
 Said he, " Look how your huntsman here
 Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
 But SYLVIO soon had me beguiled ;
 This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
 And quite regardless of my smart,
 Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

30

Thenceforth I set myself to play
 My solitary time away
 With this ; and, very well content,
 Could so mine idle life have spent ;
 For it was full of sport, and light
 Of foot and heart, and did invite
 Me to its game : it seemed to bless
 Itself in me ; how could I less
 Than love it ? O, I cannot be
 Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

40

Had it lived long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so
 As SYLVIO did ; his gifts might be

THE NYMPH AND THE FAWN. 51

Perhaps as false, or more, than he ; 50
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own finger's nursed ;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath ! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft 60
And white, shall I say than my hand ?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet ;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race ;
And, when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay ;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds. 71

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.

53.—*Then*, than. The old spelling is here preserved for the sake of the rhyme.

Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ; 80
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem to bleed
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold : 90
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help ! O help ! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint !
See how it weeps ! the tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam ; so
The holy frankincense doth flow ;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these. 100

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in DIANA's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to

Whither the swans and turtles go ;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-like lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast : for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

116

First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble ; and withal,
Let it be weeping too ; but there
The engraver sure his art may spare ;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there ;
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made ;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

120

YOUNG LOVE.

I.

COME, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

II.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguiled,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.

III.

Common beauties stay fifteen ;
Such as yours should swifter move, 10
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

IV.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

9.—Stay till fifteen before they are loved.

V.

Now then love me : Time may take
Thee before thy time away ;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

20

VI.

So we win of doubtful Fate,
And, if good she to us meant,
We that good shall antedate,
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

VII.

Thus as kingdoms, frustrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown ;

VIII.

So to make all rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my love :
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both shall monarchs prove.

30

And yonder all before us lie
 Deserts of vast eternity.
 Thy beauty shall no more be found,
 Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
 My echoing song ; then worms shall try
 That long-preserved virginity,
 And your quaint honour turn to dust,
 And into ashes all my lust :
 The grave's a fine and private place,
 But none, I think, do there embrace.

30

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
 Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
 And while thy willing soul transpires
 At every pore with instant fires,
 Now let us sport us while we may,
 And now, like amorous birds of prey,
 Rather at once our time devour,
 Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
 Let us roll all our strength and all
 Our sweetness up into one ball,
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
 Thorough the iron gates of life ;
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

40

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER.

C

ALAS ! how pleasant are their days,
With whom the infant love yet plays !
Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
By fountains cool and shadows green ;
But soon these flames do lose their light,
Like meteors of a summer's night ;
Nor can they to that region climb,
To make impression upon Time.

'Twas in a shipwreck, when the seas
Ruled, and the winds did what they please, 10
That my poor lover floating lay,
And, ere brought forth, was cast away ;
Till at the last the master wave
Upon the rock his mother drave,
And there she split against the stone,
In a Cæsarian section.

The sea him lent these bitter tears,
Which at his eyes he always bears,
And from the winds the sighs he bore,
Which through his surging breast do roar ; 20

No day he saw but that which breaks
Through frighted clouds in forkèd streaks,
While round the rattling thunder hurled,
As at the funeral of the world.

While Nature to his birth presents
This masque of quarrelling elements,
A numerous fleet of cormorants black,
That sailed insulting o'er the wrack,
Received into their cruel care
The unfortunate and abject heir ;
Guardians most fit to entertain
The orphan of the hurricane.

30

They fed him up with hopes and air,
Which soon digested to despair,
And as one cormorant fed him, still
Another on his heart did bill ;
Thus, while they famish him and feast,
He both consumèd, and increased,
And languishèd with doubtful breath,
The amphibium of life and death.

40

And now, when angry Heaven would
Behold a spectacle of blood,
Fortune and he are called to play
At sharp before it all the day,

And tyrant Love his breast does ply
With all his winged artillery,
Whilst he, betwixt the flames and waves,
Like Ajax, the mad tempest braves.

See how he nak'd and fierce does stand,
Cuffing the thunder with one hand,
While with the other he does lock,
And grapple, with the stubborn rock,
From which he with each wave rebounds,
Torn into flames, and ragg'd with wounds ;
And all he says, a lover drest
In his own blood does relish best.

50

This is the only banneret
That ever Love created yet ;
Who, though by the malignant stars,
Forcèd to live in storms and wars,
Yet dying, leaves a perfume here,
And music within every ear ;
And he in story only rules.
In a field sable, a lover gules.

60

THE GALLERY.

CHLORA, come view my soul, and tell
Whether I have contrived it well :
Now all its several lodgings lie,
Composed into one gallery,
And the great arras-hangings, made
Of various facings, by are laid,
That, for all furniture, you'll find
Only your picture in my mind.

Here thou art painted in the dress
Of an inhuman murderess ; 10
Examining upon our hearts,
(Thy fertile shop of cruel arts,)
Engines more keen than ever yet
Adornèd tyrant's cabinet,
Of which the most tormenting are,
Black eyes, red lips, and curlèd hair.

But, on the other side, thou'rt drawn,
Like to AURORA in the dawn ;
When in the east she slumbering lies,
And stretches out her milky thighs, 20

While all the morning quire, does sing,
And manna falls and roses spring,
And, at thy feet, the wooing doves
Sit perfecting their harmless loves.

Like an enchantress here thou show'st,
Vexing thy restless lover's ghost ;
And, by a light obscure, dost rave
Over his entrails, in the cave,
Divining thence, with horrid care,
How long thou shalt continue fair ;
And (when informed) them throw'st away
To be the greedy vulture's prey.

30

But, against that, thou sitt'st afloat,
Like VENUS in her pearly boat ;
The halcyons, calming all that's nigh,
Betwixt the air and water fly ;
Or, if some rolling wave appears,
A mass of ambergris it bears,
Nor blows more wind than what may well
Convoy the perfume to the smell.

40

These pictures, and a thousand more,
Of thee, my gallery doth store,
In all the forms thou canst invent,
Either to please me, or torment ;

For thou alone, to people me,
Art grown a numerous colony,
And a collection choicer far
Than or Whitehall's, or Mantua's were.

But of these pictures, and the rest,
That at the entrance likes me best,
Where the same posture and the look
Remains with which I first was took ;
A tender shepherdess, whose hair
Hangs loosely playing in the air,
Transplanting flowers from the green hill
To crown her head and bosom fill.

THE FAIR SINGER.

I.

To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,
That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

II.

I could have fled from one but singly fair ;
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curlèd trammels of her hair ;
But how should I avoid to be her slave, 10
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreathe
My fetters of the very air I breathe ?

III.

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice,
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice ;
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gainèd both the wind and sun.

MOURNING.

I.

You, that decipher out the fate
Of human offsprings from the skies,
What mean these infants which, of late,
Spring from the stars of Chlora's eyes?

Her eyes confused, and doubled o'er
With tears suspended ere they flow,
Seem bending upwards to restore
To Heaven, whence it came, their woe.

III.

When, moulding of the watery spheres,
Slow drops untie themselves away, 10
As if she with those precious tears
Would strew the ground where Strephon lay.

IV.

Yet some affirm, pretending art,
Her eyes have so her bosom drowned,
Only to soften, fear her heart,
A place to fix another wound.

V.

And, while vain pomp does her restrain
Within her solitary bower,
She courts herself in amorous rain,
Herself both Danae and the shower. 20

VI. c.

Nay others, bolder, hence esteem
Joy now so much her master grown,
That whatsoever does but seem
Like grief is from her windows thrown.

VII.

Nor that she pays, while she survives,
To her dead love this tribute due,
But casts abroad these donatives,
At the installing of a new.

VIII.

How wide they dream! the Indian slaves,
That sink for pearl through seas profound, 30
Would find her tears yet deeper waves,
And not of one the bottom sound.

IX.

I yet my silent judgment keep,
Disputing not what they believe :
But sure as oft as women weep,
It is to be supposed they grieve.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

I.

DAPHNIS must from Chloe part ;
Now is come the dismal hour,
That must all his hopes devour,
All his labour, all his art.

II.

Nature, her own sex's foe,
Long had taught her to be coy ;
But she neither knew to enjoy,
Nor yet let her lover go.

III.

But, with this sad news, surprised,
Soon she let that niceness fall,
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his stay comprised.

10

Nature so herself does use
To lay by her wonted state,
Lest the world should separate ;
Sudden parting closer glues.

V.

He, well read in all the ways
By which men their siege maintain,
Knew not that, the fort to gain,
Better 'twas the siege to raise. 20

VI.

But he came so full possessed
With the grief of parting thence,
That he had not so much sense
As to see he might be blessed ;

VII.

Till love, in her language, breathed
Words she never spake before ;
But than legacies no more,
To a dying man bequeathed.

VIII.

For alas ! the time was spent ;
Now the latest minute's run, 30
When poor Daphnis is undone,
Between joy and sorrow rent.

IX.

At that "Why?" that "Stay, my dear!"
His disordered locks he tare,
And with rolling eyes did glare,
And his cruel fate forswear.

X.

As the soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in haste,
And then straight again is fled ; 40

XI.

So did wretched Daphnis look,
Frighting her he lovèd most ;
At the last this lover's ghost
Thus his leave resolvèd took.

XII.

“ Are my hell and heaven joined,
More to torture him that dies ?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you must then grow kind ?

XIII.

“ Ah ! my Chloe, how have I
Such a wretched minute found, 50
When thy favours should me wound,
More than all thy cruelty ?

“ So to the condemnèd wight
The delicious cup we fill,
And allow him all he will,
For his last and short delight.

XV.

" But I will not now begin
Such a debt unto my foe,
Nor to my departure owe,
What my presence could not win. 60

XVI.

" Absence is too much alone ;
Better 'tis to go in peace,
Than my losses to increase,
By a late fruition.

XVII.

" Why should I enrich my fate ?
'Tis a vanity to wear,
For my executioner,
Jewels of so high a rate.

XVIII.

" Rather I away will pine,
In a manly stubbornness, 70
Then be fatted up express
For the cannibal to dine.

XIX.

" Whilst this grief does thee disarm,
All the enjoyment of our love
But the ravishment would prove
Of a body dead while warm ;

XX.

“ And I parting should appear
Like the gourmand Hebrew dead,
While, with quails and manna fed,
He does through the desert err ;

80

XXI.

“ Or the witch that midnight wakes
For the fern, whose magic weed
In one minute cast the seed
And invisible him makes.

XXII.

“ Gentler times for love are meant ;
Who for parting pleasure strain,
Gather roses in the rain,
Wet themselves and spoil their scent.

XXIII.

“ Farewell, therefore, all the fruit
Which I could from love receive :
Joy will not with sorrow weave,
Nor will I this grief pollute.

90

“ Fate, I come, as dark, as sad,
As thy malice could desire ;
Yet bring with me all the fire
That Love in his torches had.”

XXV.

At these words away he broke,
As who long has praying lien,
To his head's-man makes the sign
And receives the parting stroke.

100

XXVI.

But hence, virgins all, beware ;
Last night he with Phlogis slept,
This night for Dorinda kept,
And but rid to take the air.

XXVII.

Yet he does himself excuse ;
Nor indeed without a cause :
For, according to the laws,
Why did Chloe once refuse ?

THE DEFINITION OF LOVE.

I.

My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis, for object, strange and high ;
It was begotten by Despair,
Upon Impossibility.

II.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown,
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

III.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fixed ; 10
But Fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

IV.

For Fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close ;
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power depose

V.

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant poles have placed,
'Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel),
Not by themselves to be embraced, 20

VI.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,
And earth some new convulsion tear,
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramped into a planisphere.

VII.

As lines, so love's oblique, may well
Themselves in every angle greet :
But ours, so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

VIII.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debars, 30
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars.

THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C. IN A
PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.

I.

SEE with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days !
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers and gives them names,
But only with the roses plays,
 And them does tell
What colour best becomes them and what smell.

II.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born ?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.
 Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

III.

O then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound ;
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive 20
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise :
Let me be laid
Where I may see the glories from some shade.

IV.

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring ;
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair ;
And roses of their thorns disarm ; 30
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

V.

But O, young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruit and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
Lest FLORA, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Do quickly make the example yours ;
And ere we see,
Nip in the blossom, all our hopes and thee. 40

22.—*But more, only the more.*

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS AND
DORINDA.

Dorinda. WHEN death shall snatch us from these
kids,
And shut up our divided lids,
Tell me, THYRSIS, prythee do,
Whither thou and I must go?

Thyrsis. To the Elysium.

Dorinda. Oh, where is't?

Thyrsis. A chaste soul can never miss't.

Dorinda. I know no way but one; our home
Is our Elysium.

Thyrsis. Cast thine eye to yonder sky,
There the milky way doth lie; ic
'Tis a sure, but rugged way,
That leads to everlasting day.

Dorinda. There birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings and cannot fly?

Thyrsis. Do not sigh, fair nymph, for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit against the pole ;
Heaven's the centre of the soul.

Dorinda. But in Elysium how do they
Pass eternity away ? 29

Thyrsis. O ! there's neither hope nor fear,
There's no wolf, no fox, no bear,
No need of dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away ;
And there, most sweetly, may thine ear
Feast with the music of the sphere.

Dorinda. How I my future state,
By silent thinking, antedate !
I prythee let us spend our time to come,
In talking of Elysium. 30

Thyrsis. Then I'll go on : there sheep are full
Of softest grass, and softest wool ;
There birds sing concerts, garlands grow,
Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow ;
There always is a rising sun,
And day is ever but begun ;
Shepherds there bear equal sway,
And every nymph's a queen of May.

Dorinda. Ah me ! ah me !

Thyrsis. DORINDA, why dost cry?

Dorinda. I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain would die. 40

Thyrsis. Convince me now that this is true
By bidding, with me, all adieu.

Dorinda. I cannot live without thee, I
Will for thee, much more with thee, die.

Thyrsis. Then let us give CORELLIA charge o' the
sheep.
And thou and I'll pick poppies and them
steep
In wine, and drink on't even till we weep,
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

THE MATCH.

I. ‘

NATURE had long a treasure made
Of all her choicest store,
Fearing, when she should be decayed,
To beg in vain for more.

II.

Her orientest colours there
And essences most pure,
With sweetest perfumes hoarded were,
All, as she thought, secure.

III.

She seldom them unlocked or used
But with the nicest care ;
For, with one grain of them diffused,
She could the world repair.

10

IV.

But likeness soon together drew
What she did separate lay ;
Of which one perfect beauty grew,
And that was CELIA.

V.

Love wisely had of long foreseen
That he must once grow old,
And therefore stored a magazine
To save him from the cold.

20^d

VI.

He kept the several cells replete
With nitre thrice refined,
The naphtha's and the sulphur's heat,
And all that burns the mind.

VII.

He fortified the double gate,
And rarely thither came ;
For, with one spark of these, he straight
All Nature could inflame.

Till, by vicinity so long,
A nearer way they sought,
And, grown magnetically strong,
Into each other wrought.

30

Thus all his fuel did unite
To make one fire high :
None ever burned so hot, so bright ;
And, CELIA, that am I.

X.

So we alone the happy, rest,
 Whilst all the world is poor,
And have within ourselves possessed
 All Love's and Nature's store.

THE MOWER, AGAINST GARDENS.

LUXURIOUS man, to bring his vice in use,
Did after him the world seduce,
And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,
Where Nature was most plain and pure.
He first inclosed within the gardens square
A dead and standing pool of air,
And a more luscious earth for them did knead,
Which stupefied them while it fed.
The pink grew then as double as his mind ;
The nutriment did change the kind. 10
With strange perfumes he did the roses taint ;
And flowers themselves were taught to paint.
The tulip white did for complexion seek,
And learned to interline its cheek ;
Its onion root they then so high did hold,
That one was for a meadow sold :
Another world was searched through oceans new,
To find the marvel of Peru ;
And yet these rarities might be allowed
To man, that sovereign thing and proud, 20

18.—*Mirabilis Jalapa*, or *Admirabilis planta*.

Had he not dealt between the bark and tree,
Forbidden mixtures there to see.
No plant now knew the stock from which it came ;
He grafts upon the wild the tame,
' That the uncertain and adulterate fruit
Might put the palate in dispute.
His green seraglio has its eunuchs too,
Lest any tyrant him outdo ;
And in the cherry he does Nature vex,
To procreate without a sex. 30
'Tis all enforced, the fountain and the grot,
While the sweet fields do lie forgot,
Where willing Nature does to all dispense
A wild and fragrant innocence ;
And fauns and fairies do the meadows till
More by their presence than their skill.
' Their statues polished by some ancient hand,
May to adorn the garden's stand ;
But, howsoe'er the figures do excel,
The Gods themselves with us do dwell. 40

DAMON THE MOWER.

HARK how the mower DAMON sung,
With love of JULIANA stung !
While everything did seem to paint
The scene more fit for his complaint.
Like her fair eyes the day was fair,
But scorching like his amorous care ;
Sharp, like his scythe, his sorrow was,
And withered, like his hopes, the grass.

Oh what unusual heats are here,
Which thus our sun-burned meadows fear ! 10
The grasshopper its pipe gives o'er,
And hamstringed frogs can dance no more ;
But in the brook the green frog wades,
And grasshoppers seek out the shades ;
Only the snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its second skin.

This heat the sun could never raise,
Nor dog-star so inflame the days ;
It from an higher Beauty grow'th,
Which burns the fields and mower both ; 20

Which made the dog, and makes the sun
 Hotter than his own Phaeton ;
 Not July causeth these extremes,
 But JULIANA's scorching beams.

Tell me where I may pass the fires
 Of the hot day, or hot desires
 To what cool cave shall I descend,
 Or to what gelid fountain bend ?
 Alas ! I look for ease in vain,
 When remedies themselves complain ; 30
 No moisture but my tears do rest,
 No cold but in her icy breast.

How long wilt thou, fair shepherdess,
 Esteem me and my presents less ?
 To thee the harmless snake I bring,
 Disarmèd of its teeth and sting ;
 To thee chameleons, changing hue,
 And oak leaves tipt with honey dew ;
 Yet thou ungrateful hast not sought
 Nor what they are, nor who them brought. 40

I am the mower DAMON, known
 Through all the meadows I have mown.
 On me the morn her dew distils
 Before her darling daffodils ;

6

21.—*Dog, dog-star.*

And, if at noon my toil me heat,
The sun himself licks off my sweat ;
While, going home, the evening sweet
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

What though the piping shepherd stock
The plains with an unnumbered flock, 50
This scythe of mine discovers wide
More ground than all his sheep do hide.
With this the golden fleece I shear
Of all these closes every year,
And though in wool more pure than they,
Yet I am richer far in hay.

Nor am I so deformed to sight,
If in my scythe I looked right ;
In which I see my picture done,
As in a crescent moon the sun. 60
The deathless fairies take me oft
To lead them in their dances soft ;
And when I tune myself to sing,
About me they contract their ring.

How happy might I still have mowed,
Had not Love here his thistle sowed !
But now I all the day complain,
Joining my labour to my pain ;

And with my scythe cut down the grass,
 Yet still my grief is where it was ; 70
 But, when the iron blunter grows,
 Sighing I whet my scythe and woes.

While thus he drew his elbow round,
 Depopulating all the ground, e
 And, with his whistling scythe, does cut
 Each stroke between the earth and root,
 The edged steel, by careless chance,
 Did into his own ankle glance,
 And there among the grass fell down
 By his own scythe the mower mown. 80

Alas ! said he, these hurts are slight
 To those that die by Love's despite.
 With shepherd's purse, and clown's all-heal,
 The blood I stanch and wound I seal.
 Only for him no cure is found,
 Whom JULIANA'S eyes do wound ;
 'Tis Death alone that this must do ;
 For, Death, thou art a Mower too.

83.—*Shepherd's purse*; *Capsella bursa pastoris*.

83.—*Clown's all-heal*, sometimes called "Clown's wound-wort," the officinal valerian.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS.

I.

YE living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate ;

II.

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall ;

III.

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray ;

16

IV.

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since JULIANA here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

THE MOWER'S SONG.

I.

MY mind was once the true survey
Of all these meadows fresh and gay,
And in the greenness of the grass
Did see its hopes as in a glass ;
When JULIANA came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

II.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine,
That not one blade of grass you spied,
But had a flower on either side ;
When JULIANA came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

III.

Unthankful meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gaudy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet ?
When JULIANA came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me ?

IV.

But what you in compassion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought ; 20
And flowers, and grass, and I, and all,
Will in one common ruin fall ;
For JULIANA comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

y.

And thus, ye meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my tomb ;
For JULIANA came, and she, [30
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

AMETAS AND THESTYLIS MAKING
HAY-ROPE.

Ametas. THINK'ST thou that this love can stand,
 Whilst thou still dost say me nay?
Love unpaid does soon disband:
 Love binds love, as hay binds hay.

Thestylis. Think'st thou that this rope would twine,
 If we both should turn one way?
Where both parties so combine,
 Neither love will twist, nor hay.

Ametas. Thus you vain excuses find,
 Which yourself and us delay : 10
And love ties a woman's mind
 Looser than with ropes of hay.

Thestylis. What you cannot constant hope
 Must be taken as you may.

Ametas. Then let's both lay by our rope,
 And go kiss within the hay.

MUSIC'S EMPIRE.

FIRST was the world as one great cymbal made,
Where jarring winds to infant nature played ;
All music was a solitary sound,
To hollow rocks and murmuring fountains bound.

Jubal first made the wilder notes agree,
And Jubal tuned Music's Jubilee ;
He called the echoes from their sullen cell,
And built the organ's city, where they dwell.

Each sought a consort in that lovely place,
And virgin trebles wed the manly bass,
From whence the progeny of numbers new
Into harmonious colonies withdrew ;

Some to the lute, some to the viol went,
And others chose the cornet eloquent ;
These practising the wind, and those the wire,
To sing man's triumphs, or in Heaven's choir.

Then music, the mosaic of the air,
Did of all these a solemn noise prepare,
With which she gained the empire of the ear,
Including all between the earth and sphere.

20

Victorious sounds ! yet here your homage do
Unto a gentler conqueror than you ;
Who, though he flies the music of his praise,
Would with you Heaven's hallelujahs raise.

TRANSLATED FROM SENECA'S TRAGEDY
OF THYESTES.

CHORUS II.

*Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulae culmine lubrico, &c.*

CLIMB, at Court, for me, that will,
Tottering favour's pinnacle ;
All I seek is to lie still :
Settled in some secret nest,
In calm leisure let me rest,
And, far off the public stage,
Pass away my silent age.
Thus, when, without noise, unknown,
I have lived out all my span,
I shall die, without a groan,
An old honest countryman.
Who, exposed to others' eyes,
Into his own heart ne'er pries,
Death to him's a strange surprise.

10

Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away ;
So the world-excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day ;
Dark beneath, but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love.

30

How loose and easy hence to go ;
How girt and ready to ascend ;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil ;
White and entire, though congealed and chill ;
Congealed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the almighty sun.

40

28.—*It*, the soul.

29.—*Round*, the drop.

36.—*It*, the soul.

THE GARDEN.

(TRANSLATED.)

How vainly men themselves amaze,
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays ;
 And their incessant labours see
 Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
 Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
 While all the flowers and trees do close,
 To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence, thy sister dear ? 10
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men.
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow ;
 Society is all but rude
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So amorous as this lovely green.
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name : 20

Little, alas ! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her's exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

30

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

40

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;

Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root, 50
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide :
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet ! 60
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new ;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we ! 70
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers ?

UPON THE DEATH OF THE
LORD HASTINGS.

Go, intercept some fountain in the vein,
Whose virgin-source yet never steeped the plain.
Hastings is dead, and we must find a store
Of tears untouched, and never wept before.
Go, stand betwixt the morning and the flowers ;
And, ere they fall, arrest the early showers.
Hastings is dead ; and we, disconsolate,
With early tears must mourn his early fate.

Alas ! his virtues did his death presage :
Needs must he die, that doth outrun his age ; 10
The phlegmatic and slow prolongs his day,
And on Time's wheel sticks like a remora.
What man is he, that hath not Heaven beguiled,
And is not thence mistaken for a child ?
While those of growth more sudden, and more bold,
Are hurried hence, as if already old ;
For, there above, they number not as here,
But weigh to man the Geometric Year.

Had he but at this measure still increased,
And on the Tree of Life once made a feast, 20

12.—*Remora*, delay ; hence the sucker-fish, *Echeneis Remora*.

As that of knowledge, what loves had he given
To earth, and then what jealousies to Heaven !
But 'tis a maxim of that state, that none,
Lest he become like them, taste more than one.
Therefore the democratic stars did rise,
And all that worth from hence did ostracize.

Yet as some prince, that, for state jealousy,
Secures his nearest and most loved ally,
His thought with richest triumphs entertains,
And in the choicest pleasure charms his pains ; 30
So he, not banished hence, but there confined,
There better recreates his active mind.

Before the crystal palace where he dwells
The armed angels hold their carousals ;
And underneath he views the tournaments
Of all these sublunary elements.
But most he doth the Eternal Book behold,
On which the happy names do stand enrolled ;
And gladly there can all his kindred claim,
But most rejoicèd at his mother's name. 40

The Gods themselves cannot their joy conceal,
But draw their veils, and their pure beams reveal :
Only they drooping Hymeneus note,
Who for sad purple tears his saffron-coat,
And trails his torches through the starry hall,
Reversed at his darling's funeral.

And Æsculapius, who, ashamed and stern,

THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS. 103

Himself at once condemneth and Mayerne ;
Like some sad chemist, who, prepared to reap
The golden harvest, sees his glasses leap. 50
For, how immortal must their race have stood,
Had Mayerne once been mixed with Hastings' blood !
How sweet and verdant would these laurels be,
Had they been planted on that balsam tree !
But what could he, good man, although he bruised
All herbs, and them a thousand ways infused ?
All he had tried, but all in vain, he saw,
And wept, as we, without redress or law.
For man, alas ! is but the Heaven's sport ;
And Art indeed is long, but Life is short. 60

ANDREW MARVELL.

50.—Sees the explosion of the materials used by the alchemist,

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND, MR. RICHARD
LOVELACE, UPON HIS POEMS.

SIR,

Our times are much degenerate from those
Which your sweet muse, which your good fortune
chose ;

And as complexions alter with the climes,
Our wits have drawn the infection of our times,
That candid Age no other way could tell
To be ingenious, but by speaking well.
Who best could praise had then the greatest praise ;
'Twas more esteemed to give than wear the bays.

Modest Ambition studied only then
To honour, not herself, but worthy men. 10

These virtues now are banished out of town,
Our civil wars have lost the civic crown.
He highest builds who with most art destroys,
And against others' fame his own employs.

I see the envious caterpillar sit
On the fair blossom of each growing wit.

The air's already tainted with the swarms
 Of insects, which against you rise in arms.
 Word-peckers, paper-rats, book-scorpions,
 Of wit corrupted, the unfashioned sons. 20
 The barbed censurers begin to look
 Like the grim Consistory on thy book ;
 And on each line cast a reforming eye,
 Severer than the young Presbytery.
 Till when in vain they have thee all perused,
 You shall for being faultless be accused.
 Some reading your *Lucasta* will allege
 You wronged in her the Houses' privilege ;
 Some that you under sequestration are,
 Because you write when going to the war ; 30
 And one the book prohibits, because Kent
 Their first petition by the author sent.

But when the beauteous ladies came to know
 That their dear Lovelace was endangered so ;
 Lovelace, that thawed the most congealèd breast,
 He who loved best, and them defended best,
 Whose hand so rudely grasps the steely brand,
 Whose hand so gently melts the lady's hand ;
 They all in mutiny, though yet undressed,
 Sallied, and would in his defence contest. 40
 And one, the loveliest that was yet ere seen,
 Thinking that I too of the rout had been,
 Mine eyes invaded with a female spite
 (She knew what pain 'twould be to lose that
 sight).

O no, mistake not, I replied : for I
In your defence, or in his cause, would die ;
But he, secure of glory and of time,
Above their envy or mine aid doth climb.
Him valiant'st men and fairest nymphs approve,
His book in them finds judgment, with you, love. 50

ANDREW MARVELL.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND,
DOCTOR WITTY,
UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE “POPULAR
ERRORS.”

SIT farther and make room for thine own fame,
Where just desert enrols thy honoured name,
The Good Interpreter. Some in this task
Take off the cypress veil, but leave a mask,
Changing the Latin, but do more obscure
That sense in English which was bright and pure.
So of translators they are authors grown,
For ill translators make the book their own.
Others do strive with words and forced phrase
To add such lustre, and so many rays, 10
That but to make the vessel shining, they
Much of the precious metal rub away.
He is translation's thief that addeth more,
As much as he that taketh from the store
Of the first author. Here he maketh blots,
That mends ; and added beauties are but spots.
CÆLIA, whose English doth more richly flow
Than Tagus, purer than dissolved snow,

And sweet as are her lips that speak it, she
Now learns the tongues of France and Italy ; 20
But she is *CÆLIA* still ; no other grace
But her own smiles commend that lovely face ;
Her native beauty's not Italianated,
Nor her chaste mind into the French translated ;
Her thoughts are English, though her speaking wit
With other language doth them fitly fit.

Translators, learn of her : but stay, I slide
Down into error with the vulgar tide ;
Women must not teach here : the doctor doth
Stint them to cordials, almond-milk, and broth. 30
Now I reform, and surely as will all
Whose happy eyes on thy translation fall.
I see the people hastening to thy book,
Liking themselves the worse the more they look,
And so disliking, that they nothing see
Now worth the liking, but thy book and thee.
And (if I judgment have) I censure right,
For something guides my hand that I must write ;
You have translation's statutes best fulfilled,
That handling neither sully nor would gild. 40

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all ; the argument
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song,
(So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight. 10

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I liked his project, the success did fear ;
Through that wide field how he his way should
find,

O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind ;
Lest he perplexed the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spanned,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)

Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinced, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be
fit,

And all that was improper dost omit ;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft. 30

That majesty which through thy work doth
reign

Draws the devout, deterring the profane ;
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft :
The bird named from that paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing. 40
Where couldst thou words of such a compass
find ?

Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind ?
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well mightst thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure,

While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and
spells,

And like a pack-horse tires without his bells.

Their fancies like our bushy points appear ;

The poets tag them, we for fashion wear. 50

I too, transported by the mode, offend,

And while I meant to praise thee, must commend ;

Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,

In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

AN EPITAPH UPON ———

ENOUGH ; and leave the rest to fame ;
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtship, which, living, she declined,
When dead, to offer were unkind.
Where never any could speak ill,
Who would officious praises spill ?
Nor can the truest wit, or friend,
Without detracting, her commend ;
To say, she lived a virgin chaste
In this age loose and all unlaced ;
Nor was, when vice is so allowed,
Of virtue or ashamed or proud ;
That her soul was on Heaven so bent,
No minute but it came and went ;
That, ready her last debt to pay,
She summed her life up every day ;
Modest as morn, as mid-day bright,
Gentle as evening, cool as night :
'Tis true ; but all too weakly said ;
'Twas more significant, she's dead.

10

20

TWO SONGS

AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE LORD FAUCONBERG
AND THE LADY MARY CROMWELL.

FIRST SONG.

CHORUS, ENDYMION, LUNA.

Chorus. THE astrologer's own eyes are set,
And even wolves the sheep forget ;
Only this shepherd, late and soon,
Upon this hill outwakes the moon ;
Hark how he sings with sad delight,
Thorough the clear and silent night !

Endymion. CYNTHIA, O CYNTHIA, turn thine ear,
Nor scorn ENDYMION's plaints to hear !
As we our flocks, so you command
The fleecy clouds with silver wand. 10

Cynthia. If thou a mortal, rather sleep ;
Or if a shepherd, watch thy sheep.

For he did never love to pair
His progeny above the air ;
But to be honest, valiant, wise,
Makes mortals matches fit for deities.

SECOND SONG.

HOBBINOL, PHILLIS, TOMALIN.

- Hobbinol.* PHILLIS, TOMALIN, away !
Never such a merry day,
For the northern shepherd's son
Has MENALCAS' daughter won.
- Phillis.* Stay till I some flowers have tied
In a garland for the bride.
- Tomalin.* If thou wouldst a garland bring,
PHILLIS, you may wait the spring :
They have chosen such an hour
When she is the only flower.
- Phillis.* Let's not then, at least, be seen
Without each a sprig of green.
- Hobbinol.* Fear not ; at MENALCAS' hall
There are bays enough for all.
He, when young as we, did graze,
But when old he planted bays.

Tomafin. Here she comes ; but with a look
 Far more catching than my hook ;
 'Twas those eyes, I now dare swear,
 Led our lambs we know not where. 20

Hobbinol. Not our lambs' own fleeces are
 Curled so lovely as her hair,
 Nor our sheep new-washed can be
 Half so white or sweet as she.

Phillis. He so looks as fit to keep
 Somewhat else than silly sheep.

Hobbinol. Come, let's in some carol new
 Pay to love and them their due.

All. Joy to that happy pair [30
 Whose hopes united banish our despair.
 What shepherd could for love pretend,
 Whilst all the nymphs on DAMON'S
 choice attend ?
 What shepherdess could hope to wed
 Before MARINA'S turn were sped ?
 Now lesser beauties may take place,
 And meaner virtues come in play ;
 While they,
 Looking from high,
 Shall grace

Our flocks and us with a propitious eye. 40

But what is most, the gentle swain

No more shall need of love complain ;

But virtue shall be beauty's hire,

And those be equal, that have equal fire.

MARINA yields. Who dares be coy ?

Or who despair, now DAMON does enjoy ?

Joy to that happy pair,

Whose hopes united banish our despair !

ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE
OVER THE SPANIARDS IN THE BAY OF SANTA CRUZ,
IN THE ISLAND OF TENERIFFE, 1657.

Now does Spain's fleet her spacious wings unfold,
Leaves the new world, and hastens for the old ;
But though the wind was fair, they slowly swum,
Freighted with acted guilt, and guilt to come ;
For this rich load, of which so proud they are,
Was raised by tyranny, and raised for war.
Every capacious galleon's womb was filled
With what the womb of wealthy kingdoms yield ;
The new world's wounded entrails they had tore,
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more ; 10
Wealth which all others' avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caused as much fear as joy.
For now upon the main themselves they saw
That boundless empire, where you give the law ;
Of wind's and water's rage they fearful be,
But much more fearful are your flags to see.
Day, that to those who sail upon the deep

More wished for and more welcome is than sleep,
They dreaded to behold, lest the sun's light
With English streamers should salute their sight ; 20
In thickest darkness they would choose to steer,
So that such darkness might suppress their fear :
At length it vanishes, and fortune smiles,
For they behold the sweet Canary isles,
One of which doubtless is by Nature blessed
Above both worlds, since 'tis above the rest.
For lest some gloominess might stain her sky,
Trees there the duty of the clouds supply :
O noble trust which Heaven on this isle pours,
Fertile to be, yet never need her showers ! 30
A happy people, which at once do gain
The benefits, without the ills, of rain !
Both health and profit Fate cannot deny,
Where still the earth is moist, the air still dry ;
The jarring elements no discord know,
Fuel and rain together kindly grow ;
And coolness there with heat does never fight,
This only rules by day, and that by night.
Your worth to all these isles a just right brings,
The best of lands should have the best of kings, 40
And these want nothing Heaven can afford,
Unless it be, the having you their lord ;
But this great want will not a long one prove ;
Your conquering sword will soon that want remove ;
For Spain had better, she'll ere long confess,
Have broken all her swords, than this one peace ;

Casting that league off, which she held so long,
She cast off that which only made her strong.
Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain ;
Peace, against you, was the sole strength of Spain ;
By that alone those islands she secures, [50
Peace made them hers, but war will make them yours.
There the indulgent soil that rich grape breeds,
Which of the gods the fancied drink exceeds.
They still do yield, such is their precious mould,
All that is good, and are not cursed with gold ;
With fatal gold, for still where that does grow
Neither the soil, nor people, quiet know ;
Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis ore,
And when 'tis raised does trouble them much more.
Ah, why was thither brought that cause of war [60
Kind Nature had from thence removed so far !
In vain doth she those islands free from ill,
If Fortune can make guilty what she will.
But whilst I draw that scene, where you, ere long,
Shall conquests act, you present are unsung.
For Santa Cruz the glad fleet takes her way ;
And safely there casts anchor in the bay.
Never so many, with one joyful cry,
That place saluted, where they all must die. 70
Deluded men ! Fate with you did but sport,
You ~~scaped~~ the sea, to perish in your port.
'Twas more for England's fame you should die there,
Where you had most of strength and least of fear.
The Peak's proud height the Spaniards all admire,

Yet in their breasts carry a pride much higher.
 Only to this vast hill a power is given,
 At once both to inhabit earth and heaven.
 But this stupendous prospect did not near
 Make them admire, so much as they did fear. 80

For here they met with news, which did produce
 A grief, above the cure of grape's best juice.
 They learned with terror, that nör summer's heat,
 Nor winter's storms, had made your fleet retreat.
 To fight against such foes was vain, they knew,
 Which did the rage of elements subdue,
 Who on the ocean, that does horror give
 To all beside, triumphantly do live.

With haste they therefore all their galleons moor,
 And flank with cannon from the neighbouring shore ;
 Forts, lines, and sconces, all the bay along, [90
 They build, and act all that can make them strong.
 Fond men ! who know not whilst such works they
 raise,

They only labour to exalt your praise.
 Yet they by restless toil became at length
 So proud and confident of their made strength,
 That they with joy their boasting general heard
 Wish then for that assault he lately feared.
 His wish he has, for now undaunted Blake,
 With winged speed, for Santa Cruz does make. 100
 For your renown, the conquering fleet does ride
 O'er seas as vast as is the Spaniard's pride.
 Whose fleet and trenches viewed, he soon did say,

THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE. 123

We to their strength are more obliged than they ;
Wer't not for that, they from their fate would run,
And a third world seek out, our arms to shun.
Those forts, which there so high and strong appear,
Do not so much suppress, as show their fear.
Of speedy victory let no man doubt,
Our worst work's past, now we have found them out.
Behold their navy does at anchor lie, [110
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.

This said, the whole fleet gave it their applause,
And all assumes your courage, in your cause.
That bay they enter, which unto them owes
The noblest wreaths that victory bestows :
Bold Stayner leads ; this fleet's designed by fate
To give him laurel, as the last did plate.

The thundering cannon now begins the fight,
And, though it be at noon, creates a night ; 120
The air was soon, after the fight begun,
Far more enflamed by it than by the sun,
Never so burning was that climate known ;
War turned the temperate to the torrid zone.

Fate these two fleets, between both worlds, had
brought,
Who fight as if for both those worlds they fought.
Thousands of ways, thousands of men there die,
Some ships are sunk, some blown up in the sky.
Nature ne'er made cedars so high aspire
As oaks did then, urged by the active fire 130
Which, by quick powder's force, so high was sent

That it returned to its own element.
Torn limbs some leagues into the island fly,
Whilst others lower, in the sea, do lie ;
Scarce souls from bodies severed are so far
By death, as bodies there were by the war.
The all-seeing sun ne'er gazed on such a sight ;
Two dreadful navies there at anchor fight,
And neither have or power, or will, to fly ;
There one must conquer, or there both must die. 140
Far different motives yet engaged them thus,
Necessity did them, but choice did us,
A choice which did the highest worth express,
And was attended by as high success ;
For your resistless genius there did reign,
By which we laurels reaped e'en on the main.
So prosperous stars, though absent to the sense,
Bless those they shine for by their influence.

Our cannon now tears every ship and sconce,
And o'er two elements triumphs at once. 150
Their galleons sunk, their wealth the sea does fill,
The only place where it can cause no ill.

Ah ! would those treasures which both Indias have
Were buried in as large and deep a grave !
War's chief support with them would buried be,
And the land owe her peace unto the sea.
Ages to come your conquering arms will bless,
There they destroy what had destroyed their peace ;
And in one war the present age may boast
The certain seeds of many wars are lost. 160

***THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE.* 125**

All the foe's ships destroyed by sea or fire,
Victorious Blake does from the bay retire.
His siege of Spain he then again pursues,
And there first brings of his success the news :
The saddest news that e'er to Spain was brought,
Their rich fleet sunk, and ours with laurel fraught ;
Whilst Fame in every place her trumpet blows,
And tells the world how much to you it owes.

THE LOYAL SCOT.

BY CLEVELAND'S GHOST, UPON THE DEATH OF
CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, BURNED ON HIS SHIP AT
CHATHAM,

OF the old heroes when the warlike shades
Saw Douglas marching on the Elysian glades,
They all, consulting, gathered in a ring,
Which of their poets should his welcome sing ;
And, as a favourable penance, chose
Cleveland, on whom they would that task impose.
He understood, but willingly addressed-
His ready muse, to court that noble guest.
Much had he cured the tumour of his vein,
He judged more clearly now and saw more plain ; 10
For those soft airs had tempered every thought,
Since of wise Lethe he had drunk a draught.
Abruptly he begun, disguising art,
As of his satire this had been a part.

As so, brave Douglas, on whose lovely chin
The early down but newly did begin,
And modest beauty yet his sex did veil,
While envious virgins hope he is a male.

His yellow locks curl back themselves to seek,
 Nor other courtship know but to his cheek. 20
 Oft as he in chill Esk or Tyne, by night,
 Hardened and cooled his limbs, so soft, so white,
 Among the reeds, to be espied by him,
 The nymphs would rustle, he would forward swim.
 They sighed, and said, Fond boy, why so untame,
 That fly'st love's fires, reserved for other flame?

First on his ship he faced that horrid day,
 And wondered much at those that ran away.
 No other fear himself could comprehend,
 Than lest Heaven fall ere thither he ascend : 30
 But entertains the while his time, too short,
 With birding at the Dutch, as if in sport ;
 Or waves his sword, and, could he them conjure
 Within his circle, knows himself secure.
 The fatal bark him boards with grappling fire,
 And safely through its port the Dutch retire.
 That precious life he yet disdains to save,
 Or with known art to try the gentle wave.
 Much him the honour of his ancient race
 Inspired, nor would he his own deeds deface ; 40
 And secret joy in his calm soul does rise,
 That Monck looks on to see how Douglas dies.
 Like a glad lover the fierce flames he meets,
 And tries his first embraces in their sheets ;
 His shape exact, which the bright flames enfold,

Like the sun's statue stands of burnished gold ;
Round the transparent fire about him glows,
As the clear amber on the bee does close ;
And, as on angels' heads their glories shine,
His burning locks adorn his face divine. 50

But when in his immortal mind he felt
His altering form and soldered limbs to melt,
Down on the deck he laid himself, and died,
With his dear sword reposing by his side,
And on the flaming plank so rests his head,
As one that warmed himself, and went to bed.
His ship burns down, and with his relics sinks,
And the sad stream beneath his ashes drinks.
Fortunate boy ! if either pencil's fame,
Or if my verse can propagate thy name, 60
When Ceta and Alcides are forgot,
Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scot.

Skip saddles, Pegasus, thou needst not brag,
Sometimes the Galloway proves the better nag.
Shall not a death so generous, when told,
Unite our distance, fill our breaches old ?
So in the Roman forum, Curtius brave,
Gallop down, closed up the gaping cave.
No more discourse of Scotch and English race,
Nor chant the fabulous hunt of Chevy-Chase ; 70
Mixed in Corinthian metal at thy flame,
Our nations melting, thy Colossus frame.
Prick down the point, whoever has the art,
Where nature Scotland does from England part ;

Anatomists may sooner fix the cells
 Where life resides and understanding dwells.
 But this we know, though that exceeds our skill,
 That whosoever separates them does ill.
 Will you the Tweed that sullen bounder call,
 Of soil, of wit, of manners, and of all? 80
 Why draw you not, as well, the thrifty line
 From Thames, Trent, Humber, or at least the Tyne?
 So may we the state-corpulence redress,
 And little England, when we please, make less.
 What ethic river is this wondrous Tweed,
 Whose one bank virtue, t'other vice, does breed?
 Or what new perpendicular does rise
 Up from her streams, continued to the skies,
 That between us the common air should bar,
 And split the influence of every star? 90
 But who considers right, will find indeed,
 'Tis Holy Island parts us, not the Tweed.
 Nothing but clergy could us two seclude,
 No Scotch was ever like a bishop's feud.
 All Litanies in this have wanted faith,
 There's no *deliver us from a bishop's wrath*
 Never shall Calvin pardoned be for Sales,
 Never, for Burnet's sake, the Lauderdales;
 For Becket's sake, Kent always shall have tails.
 Who sermons e'er can pacify and prayers? 100
 Or to the joint stools reconcile the chairs?
 Though kingdoms join, yet church will kirk oppose;
 The mitre still divides; the crown does close;

As in Rogation week they whip us round,
 To keep in mind the Scotch and English bound.
 What the ocean binds is by the bishops rent,
 Then seas make islands in our continent.
 Nature in vain us in one land compiles,
 If the cathedral still shall have its isles.
 Nothing, not bogs nor sands nor seas nor Alps, 110
 Separates the world so as the bishops' scalps ;
 Stretch for the line their surcingle alone,
 'Twill make a more uninhabitable zone.
 The friendly loadstone has not more combined,
 Than bishops cramped the commerce of mankind.
 Had it not been for such a bias strong,
 Two nations ne'er had missed the mark so long.
 The world in all doth but two nations bear,
 The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere ;
 Under each pole place either of these two, 120
 The bad will basely, good will bravely, do ;
 And few, indeed, can parallel our climes,
 For worth heroic, or heroic crimes.
 The trial would, however, be too nice,
 Which stronger were, a Scotch or English vice ;
 Or whether the same virtue would reflect,
 From Scotch or English heart, the same effect.
 Nation is all, but name, a Shibboleth,
 Where a mistaken accent causes death.

104.—The beating of the bounds of a parish.

107.—*Seas*, a pun on "sees."

116.—*Bias*, a metaphor from the game of bowls.

In Paradise names only nature showed, 130
 At Babel names from pride and discord flowed ;
 And ever since men, with a female spite,
 First call each other names, and then they fight.
 Scotland and England cause of just uproar ;
 Do man and wife signify rogue and whore ?
 Say but a Scot and straight we fall to sides ;
 That syllable like a Picts' wall divides.
 Rational men's words pledges are of peace ;
 Perverted, serve dissension to increase.
 For shame ! extirpate from each loyal breast 140
 That senseless rancour, against interest.
 One king, one faith, one language, and one isle,
 English and Scotch, 'tis all but cross and pile.
 Charles, our great soul, this only understands ;
 He our affections both, and wills, commands ;
 And where twin-sympathies cannot atone,
 Knows the last secret, how to make us one.

Just so the prudent husbandman, that sees
 The idle tumult of his factious bees,
 The morning dews, and flowers, neglected grown,
 The hive a comb-case, every bee a drone, [150
 Powders them o'er, till none discerns his foes,
 And all themselves in meal and friendship lose ;
 The insect kingdom straight begins to thrive,
 And all work honey for the common hive.

143.—*I.e.*, English and Scotch are only the two sides of one and the same coin. *Pile* is the reverse of a coin.

•Pardon, young hero, this so long transport,
Thy death more noble did the same extort.
My former satire for this verse forget,
My fault against my recantation set.
I single did against a nation write,
Against a nation thou didst singly fight.
My differing crimes do more thy virtue raise,
And, such my rashness, best thy valour praise.

160

Here Douglas smiling said, he did intend,
After such frankness shown, to be his friend ;
Forewarned him therefore, lest in time he were
Metempsychosed to some Scotch Presbyter.

162.—*Differing crimes*, crime of causing differences.

AN HORATIAN ODE

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing :

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust ;
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star ;

10

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide :

(For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy ;
And with such, to enclose,
Is more than to oppose ;)

20

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame ;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot ;)

30

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old,
Into another mould ;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain ;
(But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.)

40

Nature that hateth emptiness,
 Allows of penetration less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
 Where his were not the deepest scar ?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art ;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
 He wove a net of such a scope
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Caresbrooke's narrow case,

50

That thence the royal actor borne,
 The tragic scaffold might adorn ;
 While round the armed bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean,
 Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try ;

60

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
 To vindicate his helpless right ;
 But bowed his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.

52.—*Case*, cage. Ljburn calls Carisbrooke the mousetrap into which Cromwell had lured Charles.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forced power ;
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

70

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed ;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

80

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents ;
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs ;

66.—*Forc'd power*, power forced by fate. Cf. "of force,"
i.e., of necessity.

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt :

•
90

So, when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search,
But on the next green bough to perch ;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

100

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climactèric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But, from this valour sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid ;

Happy, if in the tufted brake,
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

110

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect ;

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY
OF THE GOVERNMENT UNDER HIS HIGHNESS
THE LORD PROTECTOR.

LIKE the vain curlings of the watery maze,
Which in smooth streams a sinking weight does raise,
So man, declining always, disappears
In the weak circles of increasing years ;
And his short tumults of themselves compose,
While flowing time above his head does close.

Cromwell alone, with greater vigour runs
(Sun-like) the stages of succeeding suns,
And still the day which he does next restore,
Is the just wonder of the day before ;

Cromwell alone doth with new lustre spring,
And shines the jewel of the yearly ring.
'Tis he the force of scattered time contracts,
And in one year the work of ages acts ;
While heavy monarchs made a wide return,
Longer and more malignant than Saturn ;
And though they all Platonic years should reign,
In the same posture would be found again.
Their earthly projects under ground they lay,
More slow and brittle than the China clay ;

10

20

Well may they strive to leave them to their son,
For one thing never was by one king done.
Yet some more active, for a frontier town
Took in by proxy, begs a false renown ;
Another triumphs at the public cost,
And will have won, if he no more have lost ;
They fight by others, but in person wrong,
And only are against their subjects strong ;
Their other wars are but a feigned contest,
This common enemy is still oppress ; 30
If conquerors, on them they turn their might,
If conquerèd, on them they wreak their spite ;
They neither build the temple in their days,
Nor matter for succeeding founders raise ;
Nor sacred prophecies consult within,
Much less themselves to perfect them begin ;
No other care they bear of things above,
But with astrologers divine of Jove,
To know how long their planet yet reprieves
From their deserved fate their guilty lives. 40
Thus (image-like) an useless time they tell,
And with vain sceptre strike the hourly bell ;
Nor more contribute to the state of things,
Than wooden heads unto the viol's strings ;
While indefatigable Cromwell hies,

23.—*Some*, one.

38.—*I.e.*, except that they, with the aid of astrologers, try to divine from Jove. The 1655 edition has "astrologers divine, and Jove."

And cuts his way still nearer to the skies,
Learning a music in the region clear,
To tune this lower to that higher sphere.

So when Amphion did the lute command,
Which the god gave him, with his gentle hand, 50
The rougher stones, unto his measures hewed,
Danced up in order from the quarries rude ;
This took a lower, that a higher place,
As he the treble altered, or the bass ;
No note he struck, but a new story laid,
And the great work ascended while he played.

The listening structures he with wonder eyed,
And still new stops to various time applied ;
Now through the strings a martial rage he throws,
And joining straight the Theban tower arose ; 60
Then as he strokes them with a touch more sweet,
The flocking marbles in a palace meet ;
But for the most he graver notes did try,
Therefore the temples reared their columns high :
Thus, ere he ceased, his sacred lute creates
The harmonious city of the seven gates.

Such was that wondrous order and consent,
When Cromwell tuned the ruling instrument ;
While tedious statesmen many years did hack,
Framing a liberty that still went back ;
Whose numerous gorge could swallow in an hour,
That island which the sea cannot devour :
Then our Amphion issues out and sings,
And once he struck and twice the powerful strings.

The Commonwealth then first together came,
And each one entered in the willing frame.

All other matter yields, and may be ruled,
But who the minds of stubborn men can build?
No quarry bears a stone so hardly wrought,
Nor with such labour from its centre brought : 80
None to be sunk in the foundation bends,
Each in the house the highest place contends;
And each the hand that lays him will direct,
And some fall back upon the architect;
Yet all, composed by his attractive song,
Into the animated city throng.

The Commonwealth does through their centres all
Draw the circumference of the public wall;
The cross^{est} spirits here do take their part,
Fastening the contignation which they thwart : 90
And they whose nature leads them to divide,
Uphold, this one, and that the other side;
But the most equal still sustain the height,
And they, as pillars, keep the work upright,
While the resistance of opposed minds
The fabric, as with arches, stronger binds;
Which, on the basis of a senate free,
Knit by the roof's protecting weight, agree.

When for his foot he thus a place had found,
He hurls e'er since the world about him round; 100
And in his several aspects, like a star,

Here shines in peace, and thither shoots a war ;
While by his beams observing princes steer,
And wisely court the influence they fear.
O, would they rather, by his pattern won,
Kiss the approaching, nor yet angry son,
And in their numbered footsteps humbly tread
The path where holy oracles do lead !
How might they under such a captain raise
The great designs kept for the latter days ! 110
But mad with reason (so miscalled) of state,
They know them not, and what they know not, hate.
Hence still they sing Hosanna to the Whore,
And her, whom they should massacre, adore ;
But Indians, whom they should convert, subdue,
Nor teach, but traffic with, or burn the Jew.
Unhappy princes, ignorantly bred,
By malice some, by error more misled,
If gracious Heaven to my life give length,
Leisure to time, and to my weakness strength, 120
Then shall I once with graver accents shake
Your regal sloth and your long slumbers wake ;
Like the shrill huntsman that prevents the east,
Winding his horn to kings that chase the beast !
Till then my Muse shall halloo far behind
Angelic Cromwell, who outwings the wind,
And in dark nights, and in cold days, alone

113.—*The Whore*, Rome.123.—*Prevents*, &c., anticipate the sunrise.

Pursues the monster thorough every throne,
Which sinking to her Roman den impure,
Gnashes her gory teeth ; nor there secure. 130

Hence oft I think, if in some happy hour
High grace should meet in one with highest power,
And then a seasonable people still
Should bend to his, as he to Heaven's will,
What we might hope, what wonderful effect
From such a wished conjuncture might reflect !
Sure, the mysterious work, where none withstand,
Would forthwith finish under such a hand ;
Foreshortened time its useless course would stay,
And soon precipitate the latest day : 140
But a thick cloud about that morning lies,
And intercepts the beams to mortal eyes ;
'That 'tis the most which we determine can,
If these the times, then this must be the man ;
And well he therefore does, and well has guessed,
Who in his age has always forward pressed,
And knowing not where Heaven's choice may light,
Girds yet his sword, and ready stands to fight.
But men, alas ! as if they nothing cared,
Look on, all unconcerned, or unprepared ; 150
And stars still fall, and still the dragon's tail
Swinges the volumes of its horrid flail ;
For the great justice that did first suspend
The world by sin, does by the same extend.

Hence that blest day still counterpoisèd wastes,
The ill delaying, what the elected hastes ;
Hence, landing, Nature to new seas is tossed,
And good designs still with their authors lost.

And thou, great Cromwell, for whose happy birth
A mould was chosen out of better earth,— 160

Whose saint-like mother we did lately see
Live out an age, long^a as a pedigree,
That she might seem, could we the fall dispute,
To have smelt the blossom, and not ate the fruit,—
Though none does of more lasting parents grow,
Yet never any did them honour so.

Though thou thine heart from evil still unstained,
And always hast thy tongue from fraud refrained ;
Thou, who so oft through storms of thundering lead
Hast borne securely thine undaunted head ; 170

Thy breast through poniarding conspiracies,
Drawn from the sheath of lying prophecies ;
The proof beyond all other force or skill,
Our sins endanger, and shall one day kill.

How near they failed, and in thy sudden fall,
At once assayed to overturn us all !

Our brutish fury, struggling to be free,
Hurried thy horses, while they hurried thee ;
When thou hadst almost quit thy mortal cares,
And soiled in dust thy crown of silver hairs. 180

Let this one sorrow interweave among

175.—*I.e.*, How near ~~our~~ our sins came to killing thee.

The other glories of our yearly song ;
Like skilful looms, which through the costly thread
Of purling ore, a shining wave do shed,
So shall the tears we on past grief employ,
Still as they trickle, glitter in our joy ;
So with more modesty we may be true,
And speak, as of the dead, the praises due ;
While impious men, deceived with pleasure short,
On their own hopes shall find the fall retort. 190

But the poor beasts, wanting their noble guide,
(What could they more ?) shrunk guiltily aside :
First winged fear transports them far away,
And leaden sorrow then their flight did stay.
See how they each their towering crests abate,
And the green grass and their known mangers hate,
Nor through wide nostrils snuff the wanton air,
Nor their round hoofs or curlèd manes compare ;
With wandering eyes and restless ears they stood,
And with shrill neighings asked him of the wood. 200

Thou, Cromwell, falling, not a stupid tree,
Or rock so savage, but it mourned for thee ;
And all about was heard a panic groan,
As if that Nature's self were overthrown.
It seemed the earth did from the centre tear,
It seemed the sun was fallen out of the sphere :
Justice obstructed lay, and reason fooled,
Courage disheartened, and religion cooled ;
A dismal silence through the palace went,
And then loud shrieks the vaulted marbles rent : 210

Such as the dying chorus sings by turns,
And to deaf seas and ruthless tempests mourns ;
When now they sink, and now the plundering streams
Break up each deck and rip the oaken seams.

But thee triumphant, hence, the fiery car
And fiery steeds had borne out of the war,
From the low world and thankless men, above
Unto the kingdom blest of peace and love :
We only mourned ourselves in thine ascent,
Whom thou hadst left beneath with mantle rent ; 220
For all delight of life thou then didst lose,
When to command thou didst thyself depose,
Resigning up thy privacy so dear,
To turn the headstrong people's charioteer ;
For to be Cromwell was a greater thing
Than aught below, or yet above, a king :
Therefore thou rather didst thyself depress,
Yielding to rule, because it made thee less.

For neither didst thou from the first apply
Thy sober spirit unto things too high ; 230
But in thine own fields exercisedst long
A healthful mind within a body strong ;
Till at the seventh time, thou in the skies,
As a small cloud, like a man's hand didst rise ;
Then did thick mists and winds the air deform,
And down at last thou pour'dst the fertile storm ;

Which to the thirsty land did plenty bring,
But, though forewarned, o'ertook and wet the king.

What since he did, an higher force him pushed
Still from behind, and it before him rushed. 240
Though undiscerned among the tumult blind,
Who think those high decrees by man designed,
'Twas Heaven would not that his power should cease,
But walk still middle betwixt war and peace;
Choosing each stone, and poising every weight,
Trying the measures of the breadth and height,
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,
Founding a firm state by proportions true.

When Gideon so did from the war retreat,
Yet by the conquest of two kings grown great, 250
He on the peace extends a warlike power,
And Israel, silent, saw him rase the tower,
And how he Succoth's elders durst suppress
With thorns and briars of the wilderness;
No king might ever such a force have done,
Yet would not he be lord, nor yet his son.

Thou with the same strength, and a heart so plain,
Didst, like thine olive, still refuse to reign;
Though why should others all thy labour spoil,
And brambles be anointed with thine oil? 260
Whose climbing flame, without a timely stop,
Had quickly levelled every cedar's top;
Therefore, first growing to thyself a law,
The ambitious shrubs thou in just time didst awe.

So have I seen at sea, when whirling winds

Hurry the bark, but more the seamen's minds,
 Who with mistaken course salute the sand,
 And threatening rocks misapprehend for land,—
 While baleful tritons to the shipwreck guide,
 And corposants along the tacklings slide ; 270
 The passengers all wearied out before,
 Giddy, and wishing for the fatal shore,—
 Some lusty mate, who with more careful eye
 Counted the hours, and every star did spy,
 The helm does from the artless steersman strain,
 And doubles back unto the safer main ;
 What though awhile they grumble, discontent?
 Saving himself, he does their loss prevent.

'Tis not a freedom that, where all command,
 Nor tyranny, where one does them withstand ; 280
 But who of both the bounders knows to lay,
 Him, as their father, must the State obey.

Thou and thy house, like Noah's eight did rest,
 Left by the war's flood, on the mountain's crest ;
 And the large vale lay subject to thy will,
 Which thou but as an husbandman wouldst till ;
 And only didst for others plant the vine
 Of liberty, not drunken with its wine.

That sober liberty which men may have,
 That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave ; 290

270.—Electric flames (" St. Elmo's fires ") that run along the yards of a ship.

275.—*Artless*, wanting in art.

And such as to their parent's tents do press,
May show their own, not see his nakedness.

Yet such a Chammish issue still doth rage,
The shame and plague both of the land and age,
Who watched thy halting, and thy fall deride,
Rejoicing when thy foot had slipped aside,
That their new king might the fifth sceptre shake,
And make the world, by his example, quake ;
Whose frantic army, should they want for men,
Might muster heresies, so one were ten. 300

What thy misfortune, they the Spirit call,
And their religion only is to fall.
O Mahomet! now couldst thou rise again,
Thy falling-sickness should have made thee reign ;
While Feak and Simpson would in many a tome
Have writ the comments of thy sacred foam :
For soon thou mightst have passed among their rant,
Wer't but for thine unmoved tulipant ;
As thou must needs have owned them of thy band,
For prophecies fit to be alcoraned. 310

Accursèd locusts, whom your king does spit
Out of the centre of the unbottomed pit ;
Wanderers, adulterers, liars, Munzer's rest,
Sorcerers, atheists, Jesuits, possess ;

293.—*Chammish*, from Cham, or Ham, Noah's son.

300.—So one heresy were ten men. There were few men, but innumerable sects.

301.—*Thy misfortune*, epilepsy. When it occurred in themselves they called it the Spirit moving them.

You, who the Scriptures and the laws deface,
With the same liberty as points and lace ;
O race, most hypocritically strict !
Bent to reduce us to the ancient Pict,
Well may you act the Adam and the Eve,
Ay, and the serpent too, that did deceive. 320

But the great captain, now the danger's o'er,
Makes you, for his sake, tremble one fit more ;
And, to your spite, returning yet alive,
Does with himself all that is good revive.

So, when first man did through the morning new
See the bright sun his shining race pursue,
All day he followed, with unwearied sight,
Pleased with that other world of moving light ;
But thought him, when he missed his sitting beams,
Sunk in the hills, or plunged below the streams, 330
While dismal blacks hung round the universe,
And stars, like tapers, burned upon his hearse ;
And owls and ravens with their screeching noise
Did make the funerals sadder by their joys.
His weeping eyes the doleful vigils keep,
Not knowing yet the night was made for sleep.
Still to the west, where he him lost, he turned,
And with such accents, as despairing, mourned :
" Why did mine eyes once see so bright a ray ?
Or why day last no longer than a day ? " 340
When straight the sun behind him he descried,
Smiling serenely from the farther side.

So while our star that gives us light and heat,
 Seemed now a long and gloomy night to threat,
 Up from the other world his flame doth dart,³⁵⁵
 And princes, shining through their windows, start ;
 Who their suspected counsellors refuse,
 And credulous ambassadors accuse :
 " Is this," saith one, " the nation that we read,
 Spent with both wars, under a captain dead ! 350
 Yet rig a navy, while we dress us late,
 And ere we dine, rase and rebuild a state ?
 What oaken forests, and what golden mines !
 What mints of men, what union of designs !
 Unless their ships do as their fowl proceed
 Of shedding leaves, that with their ocean breed.
 Theirs are not ships, but rather arks of war,
 And beakèd promontories sailed from far ;
 Of floating islands a new hatchèd nest,
 A fleet of worlds of other worlds in quest ; 360
 An hideous shoal of wood Leviathans,
 Armed with three tire of brazen hurricanes,
 That through the centre shoot their thundering side,
 And sink the earth, that does at anchor ride.
 What refuge to escape them can be found,
 Whose watery leaguers all the world surround ?
 Needs must we all their tributaries be,
 Whose navies hold the sluices of the sea !
 The ocean is the fountain of command,
 But that once took, we captives are on land ; 370

355.—*Their fowl*, barnacles.

And those that have the waters for their share,
 Can quickly leave us neither earth nor air ;
 Yet if through these our fears could find a pass
 Through double oak, and lined with treble brass ;
 That one man still, although but named, alarms
 More than all men, all navies, and all arms ;
 Him all the day, him in late nights I dread,
 And still his sword seems hanging o'er my head.
 The nation had been ours, but his one soul
 Moves the great bulk, and animates the whole. 389
 He secrecy with number hath inchased,
 Courage with age, maturity with haste ;
 The valiant's terror, riddle of the wise,
 And still his falchion all our knots unties.
 Where did he learn those arts that cost us dear ?
 Where below earth, or where above the sphere ?
 He seems a king by long succession born,
 And yet the same to be a king does scorn.
 Abroad a king he seems, and something more,
 At home a subject on the equal floor. 390
 O could I once him with our title see,
 So should I hope yet he might die as we !
 But let them write his praise that love him best,
 It grieves me sore to have thus much confessed."
 Pardon, great Prince, if thus their fear or spite,
 More than our love and duty do thee right ;
 I yield, nor further will the prize contend,
 So that we both alike may miss our end ;

381.—He has made use of numbers, but kept them secret.

While thou thy venerable head dost raise
As far above their malice as my praise ; 400
And, as the angel of our commonweal,
Troubling the waters, yearly mak'st them heal.

A POEM

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE HIGHNESS THE
LORD PROTECTOR.

THAT Providence which had so long the care
Of Cromwell's head, and numbered every hair,
Now in itself (the glass where all appears)
Had seen the period of his golden years,
And henceforth only did attend to trace
What death might least so fair a life deface.

The people, which, what most they fear, esteem,
Death when more horrid, so more noble deem,
And blame the last act, like spectators vain,
Unless the Prince, whom they applaud, be slain ; 10
Nor fate indeed can well refuse the right
To those that lived in war, to die in fight.

But long his valour none had left that could
Endanger him, or clemency that would ;
And he (whom Nature all for peace had made,
But angry Heaven unto war had swayed,
And so less useful where he most desired,
For what he least affected was admired ;)
Deserv'd yet an end, whose every part
Should speak the wondrous softness of his heart. 20

To Love and Grief the fatal writ was 'signed,
(Those nobler weaknesses of human kind,
From which those Powers that issued the decree,
Although immortal, found they were not free)
That they to whom his breast still open lies
In gentle passions, should his death disguise,
And leave succeeding ages cause to mourn,
As long as Grief shall weep, or Love shall burn.

Straight does a slow and languishing disease,
Eliza, Nature's and his darling, seize ; 30
Her, when an infant, taken with her charms,
He oft would flourish in his mighty arms,
And lest their force the tender burthen wrong,
Slacken the vigour of his muscles strong ;
Then to the mother's breast her softly move,
Which, while she drained of milk, she filled with love.
But as with riper years her virtue grew,
And every minute adds a lustre new ;
When with meridian height her beauty shined,
And thorough that sparkled her fairer mind ; 40
When she with smiles serene, in words discreet,
His hidden soul at every turn could meet ;
Then might you have daily his affection spied,
Doubling that knot which destiny had tied,
While they by sense, not knowing, comprehend
How on each other both their fates depend.
With her each day the pleasing hours he shares,
And at her aspect calms his growing cares ;

Or with a grandsire's joy her children sees,
Hanging about her neck, or at his knees : 50
Hold fast, dear infants, hold them both, or none ;
This will not stay, when once the other's gone.
A silent fire now wastes those limbs of wax,
And him within his tortured image racks.
So the flower withering, which the garden crowned,
The sad root pines in secret under ground.
Each groan he doubled, and each sigh she sighed,
Repeated over to the restless night ;
No trembling string; composed to numbers new,
Answers the touch in notes more sad, more true. 60
She, lest he grieve, hides what she can, her pains ;
And he, to lessen hers, his sorrow feigns ;
Yet both perceived, yet both concealed their skills,
And so, diminishing, increased their ills,
That whether by each other's grief they fell,
Or on their own redoubled, none can tell.

And now Eliza's purple locks were shorn,
Where she so long her father's fate had worn ;
And frequent lightning, to her soul that flies,
Divides the air and opens all the skies. 70
And now his life, suspended by her breath,
Ran out impetuously to hastening Death.
Like polished mirrors, so his steely breast
Had every figure of her woes expressed,
And with the damp of her last gasps obscured,
Had drawn such stains as were not to be cured.

62.—*Feigns, conceals.*

Fate could not either reach with single stroke,
 But, the dear image fled, the mirror broke.
 Who now shall tell us more of mournful swans,
 Of halcyons kind, or bleeding pelicans? 80
 No downy breast did e'er so gently beat,
 Or fan with airy plumes so soft an heat;
 For he no duty by his height excused,
 Nor, though a prince, to be a man refused;
 But rather than in his Eliza's pain
 Not love, not grieve, would neither live nor reign;
 And in himself so oft immortal tried,
 Yet in compassion of another died.

So have I seen a vine, whose lasting age,
 Of many a winter hath survived the rage, 90
 Under whose shady tent, men every year,
 At its rich blood's expense, their sorrows cheer;
 If some dear branch where it extends its life
 Chance to be pruned by an untimely knife,
 The parent tree unto the grief succeeds,
 And through the wound its vital humour bleeds;
 Trickling in watery drops, whose flowing shape
 Weeps that it falls ere fixed into a grape;
 So the dry stock, no more that spreading vine,
 Frustrates the autumn, and the hopes of wine. 100

A secret cause does sure those signs ordain,
 Foreboding princes' falls, and seldom vain:
 Whether some kinder powers, that wish us well,
 What they above cannot prevent, foretell;
 Or the great world do by consent presage,

DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR. 159

As hollow seas with future tempests rage ;
Or rather Heaven, which us so long foresees,
Their funerals celebrates, while it decrees.

But never yet was any human fate
By Nature solemnized with so much state : 110
He unconcerned the dreadful passage crossed,
But oh ! what pangs that death did Nature cost !

First the great thunder was shot off, and sent
The signal from the starry battlement :
The winds receive it, and its force outdo,
As practising how they could thunder too ;
Out of the binder's hand the sheaves they tore,
And thrashed the harvest in the airy floor ;
Or of huge trees, whose growth with his did rise,
The deep foundations opened to the skies ; 120
Then heavy showers the winged tempests lead,
And pour the deluge o'er the chaos' head.

The race of warlike horses at his tomb
Offer themselves in many a hecatomb ;
With pensive head towards the ground they fall,
And helpless languish at the tainted stall.
Numbers of men decrease with pains unknown,
And hasten (not to see his death) their own.
Such tortures all the elements unfixed,
Troubled to part where so exactly mixed ; 130
And as through air his wasting spirits flowed,
The world with throes laboured beneath their load.

Nature, it seemed, with him would nature vie,
He with Eliza, it with him would die.

He without noise still travelled to his end,
 As silent suns to meet the night descend ;
 The stars that for him fought, had only power
 Left to determine now his fatal hour,
 Which since they might not hinder, yet they cast
 To choose it worthy of his glories past. 140
 No part of time but bare his mark away
 Of honour,—all the year was Cromwell's day ;
 But this, of all the most auspicious found,
 Twice had in open field him victor crowned ;
 When up the armed mountains of Dunbar
 He marched, and through deep Severn, ending war :
 What day should him eternize, but the same
 That had before immortalized his name ?
 That so whoe'er would at his death have joyed,
 In their own griefs might find themselves employed ;
 But those that sadly his departure grieved. [150
 Yet joyed, remembering what he once achieved ;
 And the last minute his victorious ghost
 Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgic coast :
 Here ended all his mortal toils, he laid
 And slept in peace under the laurel shade.

O Cromwell ! Heaven's favourite, to none
 Have such high honours from above been shown,
 For whom the elements we mourners see,
 And Heaven itself would the great herald be ; 160
 Which with more care set forth his obsequies
 Than those of Moses, hid from human eyes ;

DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR. 161

As jealous only here, lest all be less
Than we could to his memory express.

Then let us too our course of mourning keep ;
Where Heaven leads, 'tis piety to weep.
Stand back, ye seas, and shrunk beneath the veil
Of your abyss, with covered head bewail
Your monarch : we demand not your supplies
To compass in our ~~isle~~,—our tears suffice, 170
Since him away the dismal tempest rent,
Who once more joined us to the continent ;
Who planted England on the Flanderic shore,
And stretched our frontier to the Indian ore ;
Whose greater truths obscure the fables old,
Whether of British saints or worthies told,
And in a valour lessening Arthur's deeds,
For holiness the Confessor exceeds.

He first put arms into Religion's hand,
And timorous conscience unto courage manned ; 180
The soldier taught that inward mail to wear,
And fearing God, how they should nothing fear ;
Those strokes, he said, will pierce through all below,
Where those that strike from Heaven fetch their blow,
Astonished armies did their flight prepare,
And cities strong were storm'd by his prayer ;
Of that for ever Preston's field shall tell
The story, and impregnable Clonmel, 17

173.—By taking Dunkirk.

174.—Jamaica.

And where the sandy mountain Fenwick scaled,
The sea between, yet hence his prayer prevailed. 190
What man was ever so in Heaven obeyed
Since the commanded sun o'er Gibeon stayed ?
In all his wars needs must he triumph, when .
He conquered God, still ere he fought with men :
Hence, though in battle none so brave or fierce,
Yet him the adverse steel could never pierce ;
Pity it seemed to hurt him more, that felt
Each wound himself which he to others dealt,
Danger itself refusing to offend 200
So loose an enemy, so fast a friend.
Friendship, that sacred virtue, long does claim
The first foundation of his house and name :
But within one its narrow limits fall,
His tenderness extended unto all,
And that deep soul through every channel flows,
Where kindly Nature loves itself to lose.
More strong affections never reason served,
Yet still affected most what best deserved.
If he Eliza loved to that degree,
(Though who more worthy to be loved than she ?) 210
If so indulgent to his own, how dear
To him the children of the Highest were !
For her he once did Nature's tribute pay ;
For these his life adventured every day ;
And 'twould be found, could we his thoughts have cast,
Their griefs struck deepest, if Eliza's last.

DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR. 163

What prudence more than human did he need,
To keep so dear, so differing minds agreed ?
The worse sort, so conscious of their ill,
Lie weak and easy to the ruler's will ; 220
But to the good (too many or too few)
All law is useless, all reward is due.
Oh ! ill-advised, if not for love, for shame,
Spare yet your own, if you neglect his fame ;
Lest others dare to think your zeal a mask,
And you to govern only Heaven's task.
Valour, Religion, Friendship, Prudence died
At once with him, and all that's good beside ;
And we, Death's refuge, Nature's dregs, confined
To loathsome life, alas ! are left behind. 230
Where we (so once we used) shall now no more,
To fetch day, press about his chamber-door,
From which he issued with that awful state,
It seemed Mars broke through Janus' double gate ;
Yet always tempered with an air so mild,
No April suns that e'er so gentle smiled ;
No more shall hear that powerful language charm,
Whose force oft spared the labour of his arm ;
No more shall follow where he spent the days
In war, in counsel, or in prayer and praise, 240
Whose meanest acts he would himself advance,
As ungirt David to the ark did dance.
All, all is gone of ours or his delight

226.—And that to govern you is a task Heaven only could accomplish.

In horses fierce, wild deer, or armour bright ;
Francisca fair can nothing now but weep,
Nor with soft notes shall sing his cares asleep.

I saw him dead : a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep over those wakeful eyes ;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness
shed ; 250

That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose, and deprived of vigour, stretched along ;
All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man !
O, human glory vain ! O, Death ! O, wings !
O, worthless world ! O, transitory things !
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed,
That still though dead, greater than Death he laid,
And in his altered face you something feign
That threatens Death, he yet will live again. 260
Not much unlike the sacred oak, which shoots
To Heaven its branches, and through earth its roots ;
Whose spacious boughs are hung with trophies round,
And honoured wreaths have oft the victor crowned ;
When angry Jove darts lightning through the air
At mortal sins, nor his own plant will spare,
It groans and bruises all below, that stood
So many years the shelter of the wood ;
The tree, erewhile foreshortened to our view,
When fallen shows taller yet than as it grew ; 270
So shall his praise to after times increase,

When truth shall be allowed, and faction cease ;
And his own shadows with him fall ; the eye
Detracts from objects than itself more high ;
But when Death takes them from that envied state,
Seeing how little, we confess how great.

Thee, many ages hence, in martial verse
Shall the English soldier, ere he charge, rehearse ;
Singing of thee, inflame himself to fight,
And, with the name of Cromwell, armies fright. 280
As long as rivers to the seas shall run,
As long as Cynthia shall relieve the sun,
While stags shall fly unto the forests thick,
While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,
As long as future time succeeds the past,
Always thy honour, praise and name, shall last !

Thou in a pitch how far beyond the sphere
Of human glory tower'st, and reigning there,
Despoiled of mortal robes, in seas of bliss
Plunging, dost bathe, and tread the bright abyss ! 290
There thy great soul yet once a world doth see,
Spacious enough and pure enough for thee.
How soon thou Moses hast, and Joshua found,
And David, for the sword and harp renowned ;
How straight canst to each happy mansion go,
(Far better known above than here below,)
And in those joys dost spend the endless day,
Which in expressing, we ourselves betray !

For we, since thou art gone, with heavy doom,
Wander like ghosts about thy loved tomb, 300

And lost in tears, have neither sight nor mind
To guide us upward through this region blind ;
Since thou art gone, who best that way couldst teach,
Only our sighs, perhaps, may thither reach.

And Richard yet, where his great parent led,
Beats on the rugged track : he virtue dead
Revives, and by his milder beams assures ;
And yet how much of them his grief obscures !
He, as his father, long was kept from sight
In private, to be viewed by better light ; 310
But opened once, what splendour does he throw !
A Cromwell in an hour a prince will grow.
How he becomes that seat, how strongly strains,
How gently winds at once the ruling reins !
Heaven to this choice prepared a diadem,
Richer than any Eastern silk, or gem,
A pearly rainbow, where the sun inched,
His brows, like an imperial jewel graced.

We find already what those omens mean,
Earth ne'er more glad, nor Heaven more serene. 320
Cease now our griefs, calm peace succeeds a war,
Rainbows to storms, Richard to Oliver.
Tempt not his clemency to try his power,
He threats no deluge, yet foretells a shower.

CARMINA MISCELLANEA.

CARMINA MISCELLANEA

EPIGRAMMA IN DUOS MONTES, AMOS- CLIVIUM ET BILBOREUM.

FARFACIO.

CERNIS ut ingenti distinguant limite campum

Montis Amosclivi Bilboreique juga !

Ille stat indomitus turritis undique saxis ;

Cingit huic lætum fraxinus alta caput.

Illi petra minax rigidis cervicibus horret ;

Huic quatiunt virides lenia colla jubar.

Fulcit Atlanteo rupes ea vertice coelos ;

Collis at hic humeros subjicit Herculeos.

Hic, ceu carceribus, visum sylvæque coercet ;

Ille oculos alter dum, quasi meta, trahit. 10

Ille giganteum surgit ceu Pelion Ossa ;

Hic agit, ut Pindi culmine, nympha choras.

Exætus, præceps, salebrosus, et arduus, ille ;

Acclivis, placidus, mollis, amoenus, hic est.

Epigramma, &c.—See the poem "Upon the Hill and Grove
at Billborow," p. 1.

- Ac similis domino coijt Natura sub uno ;
 • Farfaciâque tremunt sub ditione pares.
 Dumque triumphanti terras perlabitur axe,
 Præteriens æquâ stringit utrumque rotâ.
 Asper in adversos, facilis cedentibus idem ;
 Ut credas montes extimulâsse suos. 20
 Hi sunt Alcidæ Borealis nempe columnæ,
 Quas medio scindit vallis opaca freto.
 An potius, longe sic prona cacumina nutant,
 Parnassus cupiunt esse, Maria, tuus !

24.—*Cupiunt*. The ordinary reading is *capiant*. *Maria*, Mary Fairfax, Marvell's pupil.

ROS.

CERNIS, ut Eoi descendat gemmula roris,
Inque rosas roseo transfluat orta sinu.
Sollicitâ flores stant ambitione supini,
Et certant foliis pellicuisse suis.
Illa tamen patriæ lustrans fastigia sphæræ,
Negligit hospitii limina picta novi,
Inque sui nitido conclusa voluminis orbe,
Exprimit ætherei, quâ licet, orbis aquas.
En, ut odoratum spernat generosior ostrum,
Vixque premat casto mollia strata pede ; 10
Suspicit at longis distantem obtutibus axem,
Inde et languenti lumine pendet amans.
Tristis, et in liquidum mutata dolore dolorem,
Marcet, uti roseis lachryma fusa genis.
Ut pavet, et motum tremît irrequieta cubile,
Et, quoties zephyri fluctuat aura, fugit !
Qualis inexpertam subeat formido puellam,
Sicubi nocte redit incommitata domum,
Sic et in horridulas agitur gutta pœcellas,
Dum præ virgineo cuncta pudore timet ; 20
Donec oberrantem radio clemente vaporet
Anque jubar reducem sol genitale trahat.

Talis, in humano si possit flore videri,
Exul ubi longas mens agit usque moras ?
Hæc quoque natalis meditans convivia cœli,
Evertit calices, purpureosque thoros ;
Fontis stilla sacri, lucis scintilla perennis,
Non capitur Tyriâ veste, vapore Sabæ ;
Tota sed in proprii secedens luminis arcem,
Colligit in gyros se sinuosa breves ; 30
Magnorumque sequens animo convexa deorum,
Sidereum parvo fingit in orbe globum.
Quam bene in aversæ modulum contracta figuræ,
Oppositum mundo claudit ubique latus ;
Sed bibet in speculum radios ornata rotundum
Et circumfuso splendet aperta die.
Quà superos spectat rutilans, obscurior infra,
Cætera dedignans, ardet amore poli.
Subsilit, hinc agili poscens discedere motu,
Undique cœlesti cincta soluta viæ. 40
Totaque in aëreos extenditur orbita cursus ;
Hinc punctim carpens, mobile stringet iter.
Haud aliter mensis exundans manna beatæ
Deserto jacuit stilla gelata solo :
Stillæ gelatæ solo, sed solibus hausta benignis,
Ad sua, quæ cecidit, purior astra redit.

HORTUS.

QUISNAM adeo, mortale genus ! præcordia versat ?
Heu palmæ laurique furor, vel simplicis herbæ !
Arbor ut indomitos ornet vix una labores,
Tempora nec foliis præcingat tota malignis ;
Dum simul implexi, tranquillæ ad sarta quietis,
Omnigeni coëunt flores, integraque sylva.

Alma Quies, teneo te ! et te, germana Quietis,
Simplicitas ! vos ergo diu per templa, per urbes
Quæsivi, regum perque alta palatia, frustrâ :
Sed vos hortorum per opaca silentia, longè 10
Celsarant plantæ virides, et concolor umbra.

O ! mihi si vestros liceat violâsse recessus,
Erranti, lasso, et vitæ melioris anhelò,
Municipem servate novum ; votoque potitum,
Frondeque cives optate in florea regna.

Me quoque, vos Musæ, et te, conscie, testor, Apollo,
Non armenta juvant hominum, Circique boatus,
Mugitusve Fori : sed me penetralia Veris,
Honoresque trahunt muti, et consortia sola.

Virginæ quem non suspendit gratia formæ ? 20
Quam, candore nives vincentem, ostrumque rubore,
Vestra tamen viridis superet (me iudice) virtus ?

Nec foliis certare comæ, nec brachia ramis,
 Nec possint tremulos voces æquare susurros.
 Ah ! quoties sævos vidi (quis credat ?) amantes,
 Sculpentes dominæ potiori in cortice nomen !
 Nec puduit truncis inscribere vulnera sacris.
 Ast ego, si vestras unquam temeravero stirpes,
 Nulla Neæra, Chloe, Faustina, Cerynna, legetur ;
 In proprio sed quæque libro signabitur arbor. 30
 O caræ Platanus, Cyparissus, Populus, Ulmus !

Hic Amor, exutis crepidatus inambulât alis,
 Enerves arcus, et stridula tela reponens,
 Invertitque faces, nec se cupit usque timeri ;
 Aut exporrectus jacet, indormitque pharetræ ;
 Non auditurus, quanquam Cytherea vocarit.
 Nequitias referunt, nec somnia vana, priores.

Lætantur Superi, defervescente tyranno,
 Et licet experti toties Nymphasque Deasque,
 Arbore nunc melius potiuntur quisque cupita. 40
 Jupitur annosam, neglectâ conjuge, quercum
 Deperit ; haud aliâ doluit sic pellice Juno.
 Lemniacum temerant vestigia nulla cubile,
 Nec Veneris Mavors meminit, si Fraxinus adsit.
 Formosæ pressit Daphnes vestigia Phoebus,
 Ut fieret laurus ; sed nil quæsiverat ultra.
 Capripes et peteret quod Pan Syringa fugacem,
 Hoc erat, ut calamus posset reperire sonorum.

Desunt multa.

Nec tu, opifex horti, grato sine carmine abibis ;
 Qui brevibus plantis, et læto flore, notâsti 50

Crescentes horas, atque intervalla diei.
Sol ibi candidior fragrantia signa pererrat ;
Proque truci Tauro, stricto pro forcipe Cancri,
Securis violæque rosæque allabitur umbris.
Sedula quin et apis, mellito intenta labori,
Horologo sua pensa thymo signare videtur.
Temporis O suaves lapsus ! O otia sana !
O herbis dignæ numerari et floribus horæ !

DIGNISSIMO SUO AMICO DOCTORI
WITTIE

DE TRANSLATIONE VULGI ERRORUM D. PRIMROSII.

NEMPE sic innumero succrescunt agmine libri,
 Sepia vix toto ut jam natet una mari.
 Fortius assidui surgunt à vulnere praeli ;
 Quoque magis pressa est, auctior Hydra redit.
 Heu ! quibus anticyris, quibus est sanabilis herbis,
 Improba scribendi pestis, avarus amor !
 India sola tenet tanti medicamina morbi,
 Dicitur et nostris ingemuisse malis.
 Utile tabacci dedit illa miserta venenum,
 Acri veratro quod meliora potest. 10
 Jamque vides olidas libris fumare popinas ;
 Naribus O doctis quàm pretiosus odor !
 Hâc ego præcipuâ credo herbam dote placere,
 Hinc tuus has nebulas doctor in astra vehit.
 Ah ! mea quid tandem facies timidissima charta ?
 Exsequias siticen jam parat usque tuas.
 Hunc subeas librum sancti seu limen asyli,
 Quem neque delebit flamma nec ira Jovis.

DOCTORI WITTIE, &c.—The English version of these lines is
 given on p. 107.

IN LEGATIONEM DOMINI OLIVERI
ST. JOHN, AD PROVINCIAS FOEDERATAS

INGENIOSA vîris contingunt nomina magnis,

Ut dubites casu vel ratione data.

Nam sors, cæca licet, tamen est præsaga futuri ;

Et sub fatidico nomine vera premit.

Et tu, cui soli voluit respublica credi,

Fœdera seu Belgis seu nova bella feras,

Haud frustra cecidit tibi compellatio fallax,

Ast scriptum ancipiti nomine munus erat ;

Siclicet hoc Martis, sed Pacis nuntius illo :

Clavibus his Jani ferrea claustra regis.

10

Non opus arcanos chartis committere sensus,

Et variâ licitos condere fraude dolos.

Tu quoque si taceas, tamen est Legatio nomen,

Et velut in scytale publica verba refert.

Vultis Oliverum, Batavi, Sanctumve Johannem ?

Antiochus gyro non brevior stetit.

DOCTORI INGELO,

CUM DOMINO WHITLOCKE AD REGINAM SUECIE
DELEGATO A PROTECTORE, RESIDENTI, EPISTOLA.

QUID facis, arctoi charissime transfuga cœli,

Ingele, proh serò cognite, rapte citò ?

Num satis hybernum defendis pellibus astrum,

Qui modo tam mollis, nec bene firmus, eras ?

Quæ gentes hominum, quæ sit natura locorum,

Sint homines, potius dic ibi sintne loca ?

Num gravis horrisono polus obruit omnia lapsu,

Jungitur et præceps mundus utrâque nive ?

An melius canis horrescit campus aristis,

Annuus agricolis et redit orbe labor ?

10

Incolit, ut fertur, sævam gens mitior oram,

Pace vigil, bello strenua, justa foro.

Quin ibi sunt urbes, atque alta palatia regum,

Musarumque domus, et sua templa Deo.

Nam regit imperio populum Christina ferocem,

Et dare jura potest regia virgo viris.

Utque trahit rigidum magnes aquilone metallum,

Gaudet eam soboles ferrea sponte sequi.

Dic quantum liceat fallaci credere famæ,

Invida num taceat plura, sonæve loquax.

20

At, si vera fides, mundi melioris ab ortu,
Sæcula Christinæ nulla tulere parem ;
Ipsa licet redeat (nostri decus orbis) Eliza,
Qualis nostra tamen quantaque Eliza fuit.
Vidimus effigiem, mistasque coloribus umbras :
Sic quoque Sceptripotens, sic quoque visa Dea.
Augustam decorant (rarò concordia !) frontem
Majestas et Amor, Forma, Pudorque simul.
Ingens virgineo spirat Gustavus in ore :
Agnoscas animos fulmineumque patrem. 30
Nulla suo nituit tam lucida stella sub axe :
Non ea quæ meruit crimine Nympha polum.
Ah ! quoties pavidum demisit conscia lumen,
Utque suæ timuit Parrhasis ora Deæ ?
Et, simulet falsâ ni pictor imagine vultus,
Delia tam similis nec fuit ipsa sibi.
Nî quod inornati Triviæ sint forte capilli,
Huic sed sollicitâ distribuantur acu.
Scilicet ut nemo est illâ reverentior æqui ;
Haud ipsas igitur fert sine lege comas. 40
Gloria sylvarum pariter communis utrique
Est, et perpetuæ virginittatis honos.
Sic quoque Nympharum supereminet agmina collo
Cynthia fertque choros per juga, perque nives.
Haud alitur pariles ciliorum contrahit arcus,
Acribus ast oculis tela subesse putes.
Luminibus dubites an straverit illa sagittis,
Quæ fovet exuviis ardua colla, feram.

Alcides, humeros coopertus pelle Nemææ,
Haud ita labentis sustulit orbis onus. 50
Heu quæ cervices subnectunt pectora tales,
Frigidiora gelu, candidiora nive ?
Cætera non licuit, sed vix ea tota, videri ;
Nam clausi rigido stant adamante sinus.
Seu chlamys artifice nimium succurrerit auso,
Sicque imperfectum fugerit impar^æ opus ;
Sive tribus spernat victrix certare Deabus,
Et pretium formæ, nec spoiliata, ferat.
Junonis properans, et clara trophæa Minervæ,
Mollia nam Veneris præmia pōsse piget. 60
Hinc neque consuluit fugitivæ prodiga formæ,
Nec timuit seris invigilasse libris.
Insomnem quoties Nymphæ monuere sequaces,
Decedit roseis heu color ille genis.
Jamque vigil leni cessit Philomela sopori,
Omnibus et sylvis conticuere feræ :
Acrior illa tamen pergit, curasque fatigat ;
Tanti est doctorum volvere scripta virūm ;
Et liciti quæ sint moderamina discere regni,
Quid fuerit, quid sit, noscere, quicquid erit. 70
Sic quod in ingenuas Gothus peccaverit artes
Vindicat, et studiis expiat una suis.
Exemplum dociles imitantur nobile gentes,
Et geminis infans imbuat ora sonis.
Transpositos Succis credas migrasse, Latinos,
Carmine Romuleo sic strepit omne nemus.
Upsala nec priscis impar memoretur Athenis,
Ægidaque et currus hic sua Pallas habet.

Illinc O quales liceat sperasse liquores,
 Quum Dea præsideat fontibus ipsa sacris ! 80
 Illic lacte fluant, illic et flumina melle,
 Fulvaque inauratam tingat arena Salam.
 Upsalides Musæ nunc et majora canemus,
 Quæque mihi famæ non levis aura tulit.
 Creditur haud ulli Christus signasse suorum
 Occultam gemma de meliore notam.
 Quemque tenet charo descriptum nomine semper,
 Non minus exsculptum pectore fida refert.
 Sola hæc virgineas depascit flamma medullas,
 Et licito pergit solve re corda foco. 90
 Tu quoque sanctorum fastos, Christina, sacrabis,
 Unica nec virgo Volsiniensis erit.
 Discite nunc Reges (majestas proxima cœlo)
 Discite, proh, magnos hinc coluisse Deos.
 Ah ! pudeat tantos puerilia fingere cœpta,
 Nugas nescio quas, et malè quærere opes ;
 Acer equo cunctos dum præterit ille Britanno,
 Et pecoris spoliū nescit inerme sequi ;
 Ast aquilam poscit Germano pellere nido,
 Deque Palatino monte fugare lupam ; 100
 Vos etiam latos in prædam jungite campos,
 Impiaque aretatis cingite lustra plagis :
 Victor Oliverus nudum caput exserit armis,
 Ducere sive sequi nobile lætus iter ;
 Qualis jam senior Solymæ Godfredus ad arces,
 Spinaque cui canis floruit alba comis.

82.—Issel, vulgo dictum.

106.—There may here be, as Dr. Grosart suggests, a pun on Whitlocke's name ; but the principal reference seems to be to the white plume of Henry of Navarre.

Et Lappos Christina potest et solvere Finnos, ,
 Ultima quos Boreæ carcere claustra premunt ;
 Æoliis quales venti fremuere sub antris,
 Et tentant montis corripuisse moras.
 Hanc Dea si summâ demiserit arce procellam,
 Quam gravis Austriacis Hesperisque cadat !
 Omnia sed rediens olim narraveris ipse ;
 Nec reditus spero tempora longa petit.
 Non ibi lenta pigro stringuntur frigore verba,
 Solibus et tandem vere liquanda novo ;
 Sed radiis hyemem Regina potentior urit ;
 Hæcque magis solvit, quam ligat illa polum.
 Dicitur et nostros moerens audisse labores,
 Fortis et ingenuam gentis amâsse fidem. 120
 Oblatæ Batavûm nec paci commodat aurem ;
 Nec versat Danaos insidiosa dolos.
 Sed pia festinat mutatis foedera rebus,
 Et libertatem, qua dominatur, amat.
 Digna cui Salomon meritos retulisset honores,
 Et Saba concretum thure cremâset iter.
 Hanc tua, sed melius, celebraverit, Ingele, Musa ;
 Et labor est vestræ debitus ille lyræ.
 Nos sine te frustra Thamesis saliceta subimus,
 Sparsaque per steriles turba vagamur agros. 130
 Fædæ tentanti querulam respondet avena :
 Quin et Rogerio dissiluisse fides.
 Hæc tamen absenti memores dictamus amico,
 Grataque speramus qualiacumque fore.

IN EFFIGIEM OLIVERI CROMWELL.

HÆC est quæ toties inimicos umbra fugavit,
At sub quâ cives otia lenta terunt.

ANDREW MARVELL.

IN EANDEM REGINÆ SUECIÆ
TRANSMISSAM.

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem Regina Trionum,
Christina, arctoi lucida stella poli ;
Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas ;
Sicque senex armis impiger ora fero ;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exsequor et populi fortia jussa manu,
At tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

ΠΡΟΣ ΚΑΡΡΟΔΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ.

Ὡ δυσαριστοτόκος, πέντ' ὦ δύσποτμος ἀριθμός,
Ὡ πέντε στυγερῶν, πέντ' Ἀἰδαο πύλαι,
Ἀγγλῶν ὦ μέγ' ὄνειδος, ὦ οὐρανίοισιν ἀπεχθές,
Ἄλλ' ἀπελύμαινες Κάρρολε τοῦτον ἀνα.
Πέμπτον τέκνον ἔδωκε μογοστόκος Ἐιλείθυια,
Πέντε δὲ πένταθλον τέκνα καλοῦσι τεόν,
Εἰ δὲ θέλεις βίβλοις ταῖς ὀψιγόνουσι τίσσθαι,
Πεντήτευχον ἔχεις παιδία διογενῆ.
Ἢ ὅτι θεσπεσίης φιλέεις Νήστωρας ἀοιδῆς,
Ἀρμονίην ποιεῖς τὴν διὰ πέντε Πάτερ.

AD REGEM CAROLUM, PARODIA.

JAM satis pestis, satis atque diri
Fulminis misit Pater, et ruenti
Dexterâ nostras jaculatus arces
Terruit urbem.

Terruit cives, grave ne rediret
Pristinum sæclum nova monstra questum,
Omne cum pestis pecus egit altos
Visere montes.

Cum scholæ latis genus hæsit agris,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat bubulcis ; 10
Cum, togâ abjectâ, pavidus reliquit
Oppida doctus.

Vidimus Chamum fluvium, retortis
Littore a dextro violenter undis,
Ire plorantem monumenta pestis,
Templaque clausa.

Granta dum semet nimium querenti
Miscet uxori, vagus et sinistrâ
Labitur ripa, Jove comprobante,
Tristior amh̃is. 20

AD REGEM CAROLUM, PARODIA. 187

Audiit coelos acuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Turcæ melius perirent ;
Audiit mortes, vitio parentum,
Rara juvenus.

Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
Imperi rebus? Prece quâ fatigent
Doctior coetus minus audientes
Carmina coelos?

Cui dabit partes luis expiandæ
Jupiter, tandem venias, precamur, 30
Nube candentes humeros amictus,
Auxiliator.

Sive tu mavis, Erycina nostra,
Quam Jocus circumvolat et Cupido,
Tuque neglectum genus et nepotes
Auxeris ipsa ;

Sola tam longam remove pestem,
Quam juvat luctus, faciesque tristes,
Prolis optatâ reparare mole
Sola potesque. 40

Sive felici Carolum figurâ
Parvulus princeps imitetur, almæ
Sive Mariæ decoret puellam
Dulcis imago.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo Britanno ;
Neve te, nostris vitiis iniquum,

Ocior aura

Tolla.. Hic magnos potius triumphos,
Hic ames dici pater atque princeps, 50
Et novâ mortes reparare prole,
Te patre, Cæsar.

CUIDAM QUI LEGENDO SCRIPTURAM

**DECRIPSIT FORMAM, SAPIENTIAM SORTEMQUE
AUTHORIS. ILLUSTRISSIMO VIRO**

**DOMINO LANCELOTO JOSEPHO DE
MANIBAN,**

GRAMMATOMANTI.

QUIS posthac chartæ committat sensa loquaci,

Si sua crediderit fata subesse stylo,

Conscia si prodat scribentis litera sortem,

Quicquid et in vitâ plus latuisse velit ?

Flexibus in calami tamen omnia sponte leguntur :

Quod non significant verba, figura notat.

Bellerophontes signat sibi quisque tabellas ;

Ignaramque manum spiritus intus agit.

Nil præter solum sapiebat epistola nostra,

Exemplumque meæ simplicitatis erat :

Fabula jucundos qualis delectat amicos ;

Urbe, lepore, novis, carmine, tota scatens.

Hic tamen interpres, quo non securior alter

(Non res, non voces, non ego notus ei,)

Rimatur fibras notularum cautus aruspex,

Scripturæque inhiant consultat exta meæ.

Inde statim vitæ casus, animique recessus,
Explicat (haud Genio plura liquere putem.)
Distribuit totum nostris eventibus orbem,
Et quo me rapiat cardine sphaera docet. 20
Quæ Sol oppositus, quæ Mars adversa minetur,
Jupiter aut ubi me, Luna Venusque juvent.
Ut trucidis intentet mihi vulnera cauda Draconis;
Vipereo levet ut vulnere more caput.
Hinc mihi præteriti rationes atque futuri
Elicit; Astrologus certior Astronomo.
Ut conjecturas nequeam discernere vero,
Historiæ superet sed genitura fidem.
Usque adeo cœli respondet pagina nostræ,
Astrorum et nexus syllaba scripta refert. 30
Scilicet et toto subsunt oracula mundo,
Dummodo tot foliis una Sibylla foret.
Partum fortunæ mater natura propinquum
Mille modis monstrat, mille per indicia;
Ingentemque uterum quâ mole puerpera solvat;
Vivit at in præsens maxima pars hominum.
Ast tu sorte tuâ gaude, celeberrime vatum:
Scribe, sed haud superest qui tua fata legat.
Nostra tamen si fas præsagia jungere vestris,
Quo magis inspexti sidera spernis humum, 40
Et, nisi stellarum fueris divina propago,
Naupliada credam te Palamede satum;
Qui dedit ex avium scriptoria signa volatu,
Sidereâque idem nobilis arte fuit.
Hinc utriusque tibi cognata scientia crevit,
Nec minus augurium litera quam dat avis. †

INSCRIBENDA LUPARÆ.

CONSURGIT Luparæ dum non imitabile culmen,
Escuriale ingens uritur invidia.

Regibus hæc posuit Ludovicus templa futuris ;
Gratior ast ipsi Castra fuere domus.

Hanc sibi sydereum Ludovicus condidit aulam ;
Nec se propterea credidit esse Deum.

Atria miraris, summotumque Aethera tecto ;
Nec tamen in toto est arctior orbe casa.

Instituente domum Ludovico, prodiit orbis ;
Sic tamen augustos incolit ille Lares.

Sunt geminæ Jani portæ, sunt testa Tonantis ;
Nec deerit Numen dum Ludovicus adest.

IN EUNUCHUM POETAM.

Nec sterilem te crede, licet mulieribus exul
Falcem virginiae nequeas immittere messi,
Et nostro peccare modo. Tibi fama perennis
Praegnabit, rapiesque novem de monte sorores,
Et pariet modulos Echo repetita nepotes.

IN THE FRENCH TRANSLATION OF
LUCAN, BY MONS. DE BREBEUF,
ARE THESE VERSES :—

C'EST de luy qui nous vient cet art ingenieux
De peindre la parole, et de parler aux yeux ;
Et, par les traits divers de figures tracées,
Donner de la couleur et du corps aux pensées.

TRANSLATED.

Facundis dedit ille notis, interprete plumas
Insinuare sonos oculis, et pingere voces,
Et mentem chartis, oculis impertiit aurem.

NOTES.

NOTES.

UPON THE HILL AND GROVE AT BILLBOROW.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, afterwards first Lord Fairfax, was born in the manor-house at Bilbrough in 1560; and in 1609 Sir Philip Fairfax, of Steeton, whose father had bought the house, made over all the rights to it to Sir Thomas Fairfax.

Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, to whom this poem is addressed, was son of Sir Ferdinando Fairfax and Mary, daughter of Edward Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave. Lord Fairfax was commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary army until 1650, when he resigned the post. He died at Nunappleton in 1671, and his tomb is in Bilbrough Church. The hill, with its clump of trees (the "Grove"), commanded a view of the plain of York, and was a favourite resort of the General during his retirement at Nunappleton.

P. 2, l. 30.

"On Bilbrough Hill, 145 feet above the sea, there was then a great clump of trees, which was a landmark for ships going up the Humber, the land rising very gradually from the Wharfe at Nunappleton, and being crowned by this conical grassy hill, with its leafy tuft." (*Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*, by C. R. Markham, 1870, p. 58).

P. 2, l. 43.

Lord Fairfax married, in 1637, Anne Vere, daughter of Horatio, first Baron Vere, under whom he had served in the war in the Low Countries.

P. 4, l. 74.

The oaks of Dodona.

UPON APPLETON HOUSE.

Nunappleton.—Markham (*Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*) tells the story referred to in this poem. The Cistercian nunnery of Appleton, four miles from Steeton, was presided over in the time of the second Sir William Fairfax by the Lady Anna Langton. A young lady named Isabella Thwaites, who had been placed under her charge, met and became attached to William Fairfax; but the Abbess, who had other views for her ward, shut her up to prevent her meeting her lover. At length higher authorities

interfered, and after a forcible entry into the nunnery, Isabella was released and married to Fairfax at Bolton Percy in 1518. She brought to her husband the estates of Denton and Askwith in Wharfedale, and other property in York. Sir William Fairfax and his wife lived for many years, and Sir William was in favour with Henry VIII. In 1542 the Abbess, Anna Langton, by the irony of fate, had to surrender her nunnery to Thomas and Guy, sons of the lady whom she had imprisoned. They pulled down the religious buildings, and built a house out of some of the materials.

P. 6, l. 36.

Vere is of course Lady Fairfax. Cf. l. 724, "The starry Vere."

P. 9, l. 119.

"Can" is altered to "you" by Dr. Grosart, to the detriment of the sense.

P. 12, l. 199.

I.e., "Religion, which she henceforward does begin, hath dispensed with her promised faith" to Fairfax.

P. 13, l. 232.

Sir Guy Fairfax, the Judge. He built a castle at Steeton, and died in 1495.

P. 14, l. 245.

This is possibly an allusion to an old prophecy which was supposed to have referred to James I. Dr.

(Grosart suggests that for "one" we should read "on" (onwards).

P. 14, l. 268.

The 1681 text reads "hath." The singular verb was often used with a collective noun.

P. 15, l. 282.

(Cf. Milton's Sonnet "To my Lord Fairfax."

"Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise."

P. 16, l. 303.

I.e., though the flowers are not comparable with her.

P. 17, l. 349.

When Fairfax gave up the position of Commander-in-Chief he retired from Walmer Castle, the residence of the Warden of the Cinque Ports.

P. 18, l. 363.

An ancient residence of the Archbishops of York, a few miles from Bilbrough.

P. 20, l. 416.

Cotgrave says, "A sordet, the little pipe or tenon put into the mouth of the trumpet to make it sound low; also a sordine, or a kind of hoarse or low-sounding trumpet."

P. 20, l. 428.

Plutarch (North's translation) says that Alexander's "skin had a marvellous good savour, and that his

breath was very sweet . . . all the apparel he wore next unto his body took thereof a passing delightful savour, as it had been perfumed."

P. 21, l. 456.

See *Gondibert*, Canto VI. In Astragon's Temple were paintings of the six days of creation.

"Then straight an universal herd appears;
First gazing on each other in the shade;
Wondering with levelled eyes, and lifted ears;
Then play, whilst yet their tyrant [man] is unmade."

P. 22, l. 472.

"Isle" is again used as a verb in Marvell's "Loyal Scot" and "Advice to a Painter."

P. 22, l. 476.

It was a popular belief that hairs of a horse's tail placed in water would become eels.

P. 24, l. 538.

"Holt" is German for a wood, and Dr. Grosart suggests that "holtfelster" is a forester. The meaning is that the hewhole performs the forester's duty of deciding which trees shall be felled.

P. 25, l. 564.

I.e., and there is little now wanting to make me one of the fowls or plants.

P. 27, l. 610.

Straying. Cf. Milton's *Lycidas*, "With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown."

P. 27, l. 629.

Cf. Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. 7:
 "Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by
 the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile."

P. 28, l. 651.

Mary, Lord Fairfax's daughter and Marvell's pupil. She was born at Bishophill on the 30th of July, 1638, and married the royalist George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in 1657. The marriage aroused the suspicion of the Government, and the Duke was imprisoned until Fairfax gave bail for his good behaviour.

P. 31, l. 738.

This may mean, "supplies graces beyond the line (or limit) of her sex," or "supplies the family line (beyond her sex), with graces," &c.

P. 32, l. 759.

Dr. Grosart, following older editions, alters "Much less" to "Nor e'en," and, in the following line, reads "not" for "nor."

P. 32, l. 762.

The 1681 text reads, obscurely,

"Tis not what once it was, the world,
 But a rude heap together hurled."

The present reading is from the 1726 edition.

BERMUDAS.

P. 39, l. 1.

These islands were called Bermudas after their discoverer, Juan Bermudaz (1522). Oviedo, who was on board Bermudaz's ship, calls Bermuda "the remotest island in the whole world." In 1609 Admiral Sir George Somers was wrecked on the islands on his way to Virginia, and they were for long afterwards called Somers' Isles. Sixty persons from Virginia settled on the islands, under Henry More, and others came from England to escape the tyranny that led to the Civil War. In 1621 the Bermuda Company of London granted a charter, promising the colonists the right, among other things, of worship. See Mr. Thorn Drury's "Waller," p. 308.

CLORINDA AND DAMON.

P. 41, l. 2.

Dr. Grosart alters the sense by inserting a comma after "late."

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND
CREATED PLEASURE.

P. 47, l. 51.

The 1681 text has "All this fair. and cost, and sweet."

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF
HER FAWN.

P. 49, l. 15.

The spirit of this poem, as Dr. Grosart aptly points out, is akin to that of Blake's "Auguries of Innocence."

"A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.
A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
Shudders hell through all its regions.

A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing.

Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh."

P. 53, l. 119.

Dr. Grosart and other editors have altered the "there" of the 1681 edition to "then."

TO HIS COY MISTRESS.

P. 57, l. 34.

"Glew" (1681 edition).

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER.

P. 58, l. 16.

Cæsar is said to have been preserved by the operation in midwifery here referred to.

P. 60, l. 64.

Heraldic terms,—a red love in a black field.

THE GALLERY.

P. 62, l. 42.

"Dost" (1681 edition).

P. 63, l. 48.

Charles I., at Whitehall, and the Gonzagas, Dukes of Mantua, were great art-collectors.

MOURNING.

P. 65, l. 3.

"Infants" here means simply tears, and there is no allusion to reflections in the pupil, as in "to speculate his own baby in their eyes" (Marvell's "Rehearsal Transpros'd").

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

P. 71, l. 80.

Exodus xvi., and Psalm lxxviii. 30.

P. 71, l. 84.

See *Notes and Queries*, 4th S., VII. 91, and Brand's "Popular Antiquities," 1853, I. 314-5, for details of the folk-lore of fern-seed. Cf. Ben Jonson's "New Inn":—

"I had
No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
No fern-seed in my pocket."

THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C. IN A PROSPECT OF
FLOWERS.

P. 76, l. 38.

Preceding editors alter the "Do" of the 1681 edition to "Should."

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS AND DORINDA.

P. 78, l. 24.

A dog's name.

P. 78, l. 26.

"And there, most sweetly, thine ear May feast,"
&c. (1681 folio).

P. 78, l. 29.

I follow Dr. Grosart in the insertion of the word
"to." The 1681 folio reads "our time, come."

P. 79, l. 41.

"Convince't" (1681 folio).

DAMON THE MOWER.

P. 85, l. 12.

Frogs injured by the heat can, as if hamstrung,
dance no more.

P. 86, l. 31.

Properly "does," but that would spoil the rhythm.

ON A DROP OF DEW.

For the Latin version see p. 171.

THE GARDEN.

For the Latin version see p. 173.

P. 98, l. 7.

The reading of the 1726 edition. The 1681 edition
has "While all flowers and all grees do close."

P. 99, l. 33.

I follow Dr. Grosart and preceding editors in changing the "in" of the 1681 edition to "is." But "in"—i.e., in this garden—may after all be correct.

P. 100, l. 54.

Combs. Altered in preceding editions to "claps," without any notice of the change made.

P. 100, l. 66.

See Mrs. Hemans's "Dial of Flowers," Charlotte Smith's "Horologe of the Field," and Mr. Buckton's paper in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S., vi. 215. Linnæus formed a dial of forty-six flowers, and London has given information to assist those who wish to form a floral dial (Grosart).

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS.

From *Lachrymæ Musarum*, a collection of elegies published by R. B(rome) upon the death of Henry, Lord Hastings in 1649. Among the writers were Dryden, Herrick, Denham, and Charles Cotton.

P. 101, l. 3.

Henry, Lord Hastings, eldest son of Ferdinando, sixth Earl of Huntingdon, and Lucy, daughter of Sir John Davis, of Englefield, died of small-pox on June 24, 1649, in his twentieth year.

P. 101, l. 12.

Delay, from the sucker-fish, *Echeneis remora*.

P. 101, l. 18.

See "The First Anniversary of the Government under the Lord Protector," *line* 17.

P. 103, l. 48.

Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician, whose daughter Lord Hastings was to have married. Dryden, then a youth of seventeen, referred to this lady in his lines on Lord Hastings—

"But thou, O virgin widow, left alone,
Now thy beloved, heaven-ravished spouse is gone,
Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply
Medicines, when thy balm was no remedy."

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND, MR. RICHARD LOVELACE,
UPON HIS POEMS.

Printed in "Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c.; to which is added Aramantha, a Pastorall. By Richard Lovelace, Esq., 1649." Lovelace (1618-1658) was one of the most charming of the Cavalier poets, and these lines contain a repudiation of a charge that Marvell was among those who had attacked him.

P. 105, l. 21.

Joseph Caryl and others.

P. 105, l. 32.

In March, 1642, a petition from Kent, praying for a restoration of the bishops, liturgy, and common prayer, was voted seditious at a conference of both

Houses, and ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. On the 30th of April a similar petition was presented, and Lovelace, who introduced it, was imprisoned. He was released after seven weeks, on finding bail.

P. 105, l. 34.

Anthony Wood says that at the age of sixteen, when Lovelace matriculated at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, he was "much admired and adored by the female sex,"—"but especially after, when he retired to the great city." In 1636, through the intercession of a great lady, the degree of M.A. was given to Lovelace after only two years' residence.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, DOCTOR WITTY.

Printed first in "Popular Errours, or the errours of people in physick; first written in Latine by Jacobus Primerosius. Translated into English by R. Whittie," 1651. Robert Whitty also wrote books about the Scarborough Spa, &c.—For the Latin version of these lines see p. 176.

ON PARADISE LOST.

These lines appeared first in the 1674 edition of Milton's poem. The 1681 text has for heading, "On Mr. Milton's *Paradise Lost*." Milton died on November 18, 1674. In 1673, in the Second Part of the *Rehearsal Transposed*, Marvell had written a worthy defence of Milton against the charge made by Parker and others that Milton had assisted in writing the First Part of that work.

P. 110, l. 22.

In 1674, the year in which these lines appeared, Dryden published an Opera called *The State of Innocence*, adapted from *Paradise Lost*, with a fulsome dedication to the Duchess of York. Aubrey says that Dryden asked Milton's permission "to put his *Paradise Lost* into a drama in rhyme. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him that he would give him leave to tag his verses." Marvell's lines fully confirm this story; indeed, towards the end he uses the very expression—"the poets tag them"—put into Milton's mouth by Aubrey. Dryden's play was entered at Stationers' Hall in April, 1674, but was not published till the end of the year—after Milton's death. Many hundred copies, however (as Dryden tells us), had in the meantime been dispersed abroad, and these transcripts were full of errors.

P. 111, l. 47.

Dryden, who was called "Bayes" in the *Rehearsal* (1672). Milton is said to have called Dryden a great rhymers, but no poet.

P. 111, l. 50.

Tagged laces. "Tags" were the metal points at the ends of the laces by which dresses were fastened. Dryden, by "tagging" Milton's lines, put on the fashionable points at the ends.

P. 111, l. 52.

Marvell wished to praise, but could only commend,

because the requirements of the verse made it necessary to find a rhyme to "offend."

AN EPITAPH UPON ———.

P. 112, l. 19.

"So" in 1681 edition.

TWO SONGS.

Mary, Cromwell's third daughter (born 1637), became, on Nov. 19, 1657, second wife of Thomas Belasyse, second Viscount Fauconberg, afterwards Earl of Fauconberg (1627-1700). She died in 1712. (See Pepys's *Diary*, June 12, 1663.) Lord Fauconberg went over to the Parliamentarians during Cromwell's rule, became a Royalist again at the Restoration, and joined in the invitation to William III. to accept the English crown.

ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE.

Cruising off Cadiz, Admiral Blake (1599-1657) received news that a fleet from America had reached Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. He at once set sail, and arrived at Santa Cruz at daybreak on April 20, 1657. Entering the bay, he found the West Indian fleet anchored round the shore, commanded by the castle and forts; but by the evening all the Spanish vessels were destroyed, without the loss of a single English vessel. The victory was celebrated by a public thanksgiving on June 3; but Blake died on his way home, on August 7, at the entrance of Plymouth Sound (See Hepworth Dixon's *Life of Blake*, 346-54).

P. 120, l. 23.

"It," the darkness. The 1681 edition has "theirs," which may be right, meaning "their fear."

P. 120, l. 25.

Santa Cruz de Teneriffe. The geographers of that time ran the first line of longitude through Ferrol (Grosart).

P. 122, l. 98.

An allusion to the Spanish commandant's answer to the Dutch captain who wished to leave the bay.

P. 123, l. 110.

The 1681 edition has "works," altered in subsequent editions to "work."

P. 123, l. 117.

Sir Richard Stayner, who captured the Plate fleet on Sept. 8, 1656. The loss to Spain was nearly two millions in treasure alone (Hepworth Dixon's *Life of Blake*, 332-37).

P. 125, l. 162.

After waiting two days to repair the damage sustained by his ships, Blake left Santa Cruz, and reached his former station, Cape Santa Maria, on May 2, 1657.

THE LOYAL SCOT.

The ships were burnt on June 12, 1667. Captain Archibald Douglas—the "loyal Scot"—was really

an officer in the army; but having been ordered to defend the "Royal Oak," he refused to leave the ship after it was on fire, saying that "it should never be told that a Douglas had quitted his post without orders." His men all left the vessel, and he remained alone to die.

This poem is in the *State Poems* of 1703, but there is an earlier version (in which lines 63, 64, 93-101, and 106-117 are wanting), in a little volume published by Charles Gildon in 1694, entitled *Chorus Poetarum*, and re-issued in 1698 as *The Poetical Remains of the Duke of Buckingham, Sir George Etheridge, Mr. Milton, Mr. Andrew Marvel, &c.* I have indicated the principal points in which this version varies from that of 1703.

P. 126, l. 14.

Cleveland wrote a poem, in Latin and English, which he called "*Rebellis Scotus*, The Rebel Scot: A satire on the nation in general." He ends thus—

"A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,
Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland goose."

P. 127, l. 21.

Tyne. The old texts have "Seine."

P. 127, l. 22.

"Hardened with cold those limbs" (1698 version):

P. 128, l. 48.

"Bee," from 1698 version; "bees" in later reprints.

P. 128, l. 56.

"As one that hugs himself in his warm bed"
(1698 version).

P. 128, ll. 59, 60.

"If e'er my verse may claim
That matchless grace, to propagate," &c.

(1698 version).

P. 128, l. 63.

Cleveland, who had satirized the Scotch, is here represented as praising one of them. He is said, therefore, to leave his former Pegasus for the Scotch "Galloway," which is sometimes the better horse. If this conjecture is right, "skip" is here used for "shift." It has been suggested that for "skip" we should read "slip" (Grosart).

P. 128, l. 66.

"Unite our difference, fill the," &c. (1698 version).

P. 129, l. 79.

"Sudden" in 1698 version.

P. 129, l. 81.

Thrifty. A satirical touch.

P. 129, l. 82.

Trent, from the 1698 version. The *State Poems* have "from."

P. 129, l. 92.

Holy Island is only eleven miles from the Tweed; it is mentioned by way of pun. ❧

P. 129, l. 98.

Alexander Burnet, Archbishop of Glasgow, was forced to resign his See in 1669, after opposing for several years Lauderdale's ecclesiastical policy.

P. 129, l. 99.

Wolcot (Peter Pindar) writes :

" As Becket, that good saint, sublimely rode,
Headless of insult, through the town of Strode."

he had his horse's tail cut off, whereupon he gave vent to such a malediction that

" The men of Strode are born with horses' tails."

(See *N. and Q.*, 4th S., vi. 370.)

P. 129, l. 101.

Referring to Jenny Geddes' famous missile.

P. 130, l. 123.

" Works " in 1698 version.

P. 131, l. 146.

Grosart gives " alone " instead of the " atone " of the 1698 and 1703 versions.

P. 132, l. 160.

The allusion is to Cleveland's " Rebel Scot " and " The Scots Apostasie."

AN HORATIAN ODE.

Printed first in Thompson's edition of the Works.
This poem was written probably in June, 1650.

P. 133, ll. 13-20.

These difficult stanzas may refer to Cromwell's quarrel with Manchester, or to his leadership of the army in the struggle with the Presbyterian party in 1647. The meaning seems to be: Restless Cromwell . . . first broke his fiery way through his own party; for to ambition ("courage high") rivals and enemies are the same, and with ambitious men ("such") to restrain their energies is more than to oppose them.

P. 134, l. 26.

So the original text. The American edition has "force."

P. 135, l. 42.

The schoolmen said that no matter could interpenetrate or occupy the same space as other matter.

P. 135, l. 54.

Charles I. fled from Hampton Court to Carisbrooke in November, 1647, and it was often said, though without foundation, that Cromwell had connived at the escape for his own ends.

P. 135, l. 64.

According to Gardiner, Charles actually lay down, so that Marvell's line is more than a mere metaphor.

P. 136, l. 69.

Pliny's *Natural History*, xxviii. 4.

P. 136, l. 86.

Cromwell was recalled from Ireland on Jan. 8, 1650, to serve in Scotland. He returned to England

after the fall of Clonmel in May, and in June, Fairfax having resigned his commission, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief.

P. 137, l. 90.

To take hold of the skirt was a token of placing oneself under the protection of the wearer. (See Zechariah viii. 23, and 1 Samuel xv. 27.)

P. 137, ll. 101-4.

I.e., Cromwell will conquer a Gaul or Italy, and will be a turning point in the history of all States not free, by setting them free.

P. 137, l. 106.

Dryden, in his Poem on Cromwell's Death, spoke of "treacher us Scotland, to no interest true." Marvell is here punning on the meaning of the words "Pict" and "pictus," as Cleveland does in the "Rebel Scot":

"Apagē superbae fraudulentiae simul
Prosapia Pictos, fide et pictos, procul;"

or, in the English version :

"Hence, then, you proud impostors, get you gone,
You Picts in gentry and devotion."

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

Published as a quarto pamphlet in 1655; attributed to Waller in the *State Poems* of 1707. Thompson printed the poem from a MS. version.

P. 139, l. 17.

See Plato's Republic, Bk. viii., c. 3.

P. 139, l. 19.

"Earthy," from the original pamphlet of 1655.
The ordinary reading is "earthly."

P. 139, l. 20.

Chinese porcelain was believed to be made of earth which lay in preparation underground for a century.

P. 140, l. 40.

"The deserved fate" in the 1655 pamphlet.

P. 141, l. 63.

So Thompson. The 1655 and 1707 versions have,
"But, for he most the grover," &c.

P. 141, l. 69.

The statesmen of the expelled Rump.

P. 142, l. 99.

The following fifty lines refer to Cromwell's attempt to form a general Protestant league, which the Dutch and Swedes, led by reasons of State, were unwilling to join.

P. 143, l. 106.

Psalm ii. 12.

P. 143, l. 125.

"Hollow" in the 1707 text.

P. 144, ll. 151-2.

Rev. xii. 4; Milton's *L'Allegro*, 108.

P. 145, l. 157.

I.e., Nature (or that which is good) would land but is driven away.

P. 145, l. 161.

Elizabeth Steward, who died 16th Nov. 1654, aged 94 (Vaughan's *The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell*, i. 81).

P. 145, l. 167.

"Unstained" from the 1655 pamphlet. The ordinary reading is "sustained."

P. 145, l. 171.

Gerard's plot, May, 1654. Gerard and Vowel were executed in July.

P. 145, l. 173.

"Thee proof" in the 1655 pamphlet.

P. 145, l. 177.

Thompson reads "British."

P. 145, l. 178.

Cromwell's coach was overturned when he himself was driving in Hyde Park, on Sept. 24, 1654 (Thurloe, ii. 652; Vaughan, i. 69).

P. 146, l. 184.

Gold embroidery. Cf. Hall, Henry VIII., an. 12, "cloth of tissue, and powdered with red roses, purled with fine gold."

P. 146, l. 206.

So in the 1655 version, and in that printed by Thompson. The *State Poems* have "fallen from his sphere."

P. 147, l. 214.

The 1655 pamphlet and Thompson read "oaken"; the *State Poems*, "open." 'f

P. 147, l. 218.

This line closely follows the one in Milton's *Lycidas*, "In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love."

P. 147, l. 231. ^

So in the 1655 pamphlet. Later versions have "field."

P. 147, l. 233.

1 Kings xviii. 44-46.

P. 148, l. 249.

Gideon extended the war with the Midianites so as to include the people of Succoth and Penuel (Judges viii.).

P. 148, l. 260.

Judges ix. 14, 15.

P. 148, l. 264.

The expelled Long Parliament.

P. 150, l. 291.

Genesis ix. 22, 23.

P. 150, l. 295.

"Divide" (*State Poems*). ●

P. 150, ll. 297-8.

The Fifth Monarch men, and the Quakers.

P. 150, l. 305.

Christopher Feake, originally a minister of the Church of England, become a Baptist and Fifth-monarchy man. He was imprisoned by Cromwell in 1653 (Brook's *Lives of the Puritans*, iii. 308-311).

John Simpson, another Anabaptist, was imprisoned with Feake in 1653, but was released in 1654. Feake and Simpson "preached most scornfully against Cromwell's Government" (*Ib.* iii. 405-411).

P. 150, l. 308.

Turban. *I.e.*, Mahomet would have proved acceptable to the Quaker, if only because Mahometans do not take up their turbans; for many Quakers were sent to prison because they would not remove their hats.

P. 150, l. 313.

Thomas Munzer, the Anabaptist. 'h

"Rest" means "remains, dregs"; that is, what is left of Munzer's crew of Anabaptists.

P. 151, l. 319.

Some Anabaptists and Quakers went naked.

P. 151, l. 325.

"New," from the 1655 pamphlet. Later versions give "dew."

P. 151, l. 328.

Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 866-7:

"Thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss."

P. 152, l. 345.

Penn's expedition against the Spanish colonies in the West Indies, which sailed in Dec., 1654, is probably referred to here.

P. 152, ll. 345-6.

In the 1655 edition these lines end "he darts . . . starts."

P. 152, l. 358.

Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 94 :

"That blows from off each beaked promontory."

P. 152, l. 362.

A three decker, with three tiers of brass guns ; double oak means extra strong oak.

P. 152, ll. 362 *seq.*

"The superiority of the English was indubitable. Their advantage lay firstly in the superior build of their ships—they were longer and stouter, but also in particular in the bronze cannon which they carried, which were of longer range than the Dutch guns" (Ranke's *History of England*, 1875, iii. 70).

P. 153, l. 374.

An echo of Horace's "Illi robur . . . triplex," &c. (Carm. I. 3, 9.)

P. 153, l. 391.

Grosart misses the point by reading "without title." The 1655 edition has "our title."

A POEM UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LAIE HIGHNESS
THE LORD PROTECTOR.

Thompson was the first editor who published this piece. Cromwell died on the 3rd of September, 1658.

P. 156, l. 30.

Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, the Protector's favourite daughter, died on Friday, August 6, 1658. "But as to his Highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery in the pains she endured, took deep impression on him" (Carlyle's *Cromwell*).

*P. 157, ll. 67-8.

The allusion is to the story of Nisus and Scylla. Nisus, King of Megara, was besieged by Minos. Scylla, daughter of Nisus, fell in love with Minos, and to win him cut off her father's famous lock of purple hair, on which his life depended. He died, but Minos threw Scylla over (Ovid, *Metam.* viii. 6, Virgil, *Georgics* i. 405, *Eclogues*, vi. 74).

P. 159, l. 112.

The great storm of 1658 occurred on Aug. 30, four days before Cromwell's death.

P. 159, l. 126.

There was an epidemic of low fever in the autumn of 1657, and again in the spring and summer of 1658; and a day of humiliation for it was fixed for May 4, 1658 (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1657-8, pp. xli. 380).

P. 160, l. 144.

The battles of Dunbar and Worcester were both fought on the 3rd of September, in 1650 and 1651 respectively.

P. 160, l. 154.

The offensive and defensive treaty with France, by which Cromwell promised to send 6,000 foot soldiers to Flanders to fight the Spaniards, was signed at Paris on March 23, 1657, and ratified by Lewis XIV. on April 30, and by Cromwell on May 4. England was to have Dunkirk and Mardyke (Masson's *Milton*, v. 140). On Sept. 9, 1658, a body of 2,000 Spanish foot and 1,500 horse, under the Prince de Ligne and Don Francisco de Pardo, was defeated on its march from Ypres to Tournay, and the greater part made prisoners by Turenne and the Anglo-French army (Clarke's *Life of James II.*, i. 367; Bournelly's *Cromwell et Mazarin*, 252).

P. 161, l. 187.

The Scotch, under the Duke of Hamilton, were defeated by Cromwell near Preston, on Aug. 17, 1648.

P. 161, l. 188.

The surrender of Clonmel on May 10, 1650, was the last incident in Cromwell's Irish campaign.

P. 162, l. 189.

Lieut.-Col. Roger Fenwick, who was mortally wounded in storming a sand-hill at the battle of the

Dunes (June 4, 1658), leading on Lockhart's regiment (Clarke's *Life of James II.*, i. 348).

P. 162, ll. 201-2.

The reference is to the fact that Thomas Cromwell's fidelity to his employer, Wolsey, is said to have been the foundation of the family fortunes, and to have won Thomas Cromwell favour with the King; or else that Richard Williams, founder of the family of Cromwell, and progenitor of Oliver Cromwell, owed his rise to the friendship of his uncle, Thomas Cromwell.

P. 164, l. 245.

Frances, who died on Jan. 27, 1721. She married Robert Rich in 1657, and upon his death, Sir John Russell.

P. 166, l. 312.

Richard Cromwell was proclaimed Protector three hours after his father's death, amid popular applause; but in the April following he yielded to the army, and was deprived of all power. He lived until 1712.

EPIGRAMMA IN DUOS MONTES, AMOSCLIVIVM ET
BILBOREUM.

P. 169, l. 2.

Almias Cliff is a group of rocks on a hill about five miles south-west of Harrogate, which from a distance look like the ruins of a great building. The hill commands a fine view of Wharfedale.

IN LEGATIONEM DOMINI OLIVERI ST. JOHN,
AD PROVINCIAS FOEDERATAS.

Oliver St. John (1598-1673) was Chief Justice under the Commonwealth, and was hence called Lord St. John. In March, 1651, he was sent to negotiate the proposed coalition between England and the United Provinces of Holland (Foss's *Judges of England*).

DOCTORI INGELO.

Nathaniel Ingelo, divine, and lover of music, was born about 1621, and died in 1683. He was chaplain and "rector chori" to Bulstrode Whitlocke, on his embassy to Sweden in November 1653. When Ingelo left Sweden Queen Christina gave him a gold medal, and in 1658 he received the Oxford degree of D.D. He was buried in Eton College Chapel. Among his writings were a religious romance, and a Latin poem which was set to music by Benjamin Rogers.

IN EFFIGIEM OLIVERI CROMWELL.

In April, 1654, Cromwell concluded a treaty with Sweden, and sent to Queen Christina a portrait of himself, accompanied by these verses of Marvell's. Queen Christina abdicated the throne on the 16th of the following June, when she was only twenty-eight years of age. These lines have often been printed as Milton's, but Masson (*Poetical Works of John Milton*,

1874, II., 343-352) gives full reasons for thinking they are Marvell's. They follow naturally after the lines to Dr. Ingelo.

ΗΠΟΣ ΚΑΡΡΟΛΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ.

These lines were published originally in the *Musa Cantabrigiensis*, 1637.

AD REGEM CAROLUM, PARODIA.

This "parody" on Horace (*Carm. I. 2.*) appeared originally in the *Musa Cantabrigiensis*, 1637.

IN EUNUCHUM POETAM.

Published in the 1681 folio, with the title "Upon an Eunuch, a Poet. Fragment."

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THE END.

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